

AUGUST 13, 1979

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# TIME

**Kissinger**  
An Exclusive  
Interview



## Hollywood's **WHIZ KIDS**

Actress  
Diane Lane



A cowboy on a white horse herding two dark brown horses across a grassy field. The background features rolling hills and scattered trees under a warm, golden light.

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# Announcing a way to supply power to utilities that saves oil and natural gas for your home and car.

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Turning coal into clean-burning gas to generate electricity is planned by Texaco and Southern California Edison. This gas can replace some of the oil now used to produce electric power.

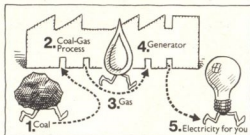


The time has come for the increased development and use of alternate sources of energy in the United States. And Texaco and Southern California Edison are ready to test the practicality of

coal gasification to supply clean fuel for generating electric power.

If approved by the State of California, we plan to demonstrate the potential of this gas process at Edison's power plant in Daggett, California. Eventually, much of America's electric power may be generated by coal gasification. This could mean that some oil and natural gas now being used by utilities will be available for use in your car and home.

Texaco has been developing its coal gasification process for many years. We believe that projects such as this one demonstrate that American industry can make a major contribution to the development of alternate sources of energy. We are inviting the Electric Power Research Institute and interested companies to join us in making coal gasification a reality.



How we turn coal into a synthetic fuel to generate electricity.



**We're working to keep your trust.**

## A Letter from the Publisher

War and revolution are nothing new to Central America. For to Bernard Diederich, a Latin hand for 29 years, TIME's Mexico City bureau chief for ten and our man in Managua for the final seven weeks of the bloody Nicaraguan revolt. Diederich, who last month turned over TIME's Managua watch to Correspondent Roberto Suro, has reported on Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba, the Dominican Republic civil war in 1965 and the 1969 "Soccer War" between El Salvador and Honduras. Says Diederich: "The Nicaraguan civil war, which saw the cold-blooded execution of one American journalist [ABC's Bill Stewart], surpassed them all in sheer danger."

Miami Correspondent Richard Woodbury, who joined Diederich for part of his tour, agrees. "The danger quotient was raised by the glaring absence of official information from either side," reports Woodbury. "To assess the fighting, we had to visit battle zones continually." Getting there was a perilous ordeal in itself, and indiscriminate bombing and shelling made it necessary to take refuge in the homes and backyards of friendly Nicaraguans. The scene at Managua's Inter-Continental Hotel, headquarters and domicile of the

foreign press corps, was similarly threatening. "Somoza flunkies were wandering around saying that newsmen should be taken out and shot," says Diederich. When the staff fled after the hotel had been designated a military target by Sandinistas in mid-June, Diederich and three other foreign journalists abandoned it for what they euphemistically called a "safe house" in the bomb-wracked capital, returning the day the rebels' victory seemed assured.

REINBERG—CONTACT



Diederich with a Sandinista commander

Buenos Aires Correspondent George Russell, who had been reporting from the Sandinista headquarters-in-exile in Costa Rica, joined Diederich then but had some trouble adjusting to Inter-Continental Hotel hospitality. Said Russell: "My first night, I returned to my room to discover that it had been appropriated by three gun-toting *muchachos*, one of whom was sleeping in the bathtub. In solidarity with the people's hard-won victory, I decided to sleep on Diederich's couch."

With this week's issue, TIME becomes the first American newsmagazine to be sold in the People's Republic of China. Initially, copies are available at hard-currency shops in Peking, Canton and Shanghai.

John C. Meyers

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# "MY HUSBAND DIDN'T WANT ME TO BUY IT. NOW HE THINKS IT'S HIS."

Betsy Novy, Ridgewood, N.J.

When Betsy Novy wanted to buy a Volvo station wagon, her husband John tried to steer her to something else.

"Buy an American car," he said. "You'll get a bigger engine, a big car ride." (He himself owned a Cadillac Sedan DeVille.)

Mrs. Novy humored him.

"We spent weeks test driving the cars he thought I should have. I was thoroughly unimpressed."

When Mrs. Novy finally did get her husband to test drive a Volvo wagon, he was very surprised. He liked the handling and respon-

siveness. And even at six-feet, 200 pounds, he found it very comfortable indeed.

"Okay," he told his wife, "if you want it, buy it. After all, it's your car."

"That turned out to be a joke," Mrs. Novy says.

"We hadn't had the Volvo wagon a week before he was driving it himself. I'd look out the window and my Volvo would be gone. And his car would still be sitting in the driveway."

"I had a hard time getting him into a Volvo wagon. Now I can't get him out."\*

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\*We're happy to report that things have become a little easier for Mrs. Novy. Mr. Novy recently sold his American car and bought a Volvo 242 GT for himself.

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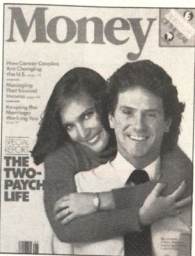
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## Letters

### Carter's Crisis

To the Editors:

President Carter (July 23) has tried being Moses, Isaiah and Jesus Christ all at once, when what we need is a Caesar.

John R. Warren  
San Antonio

In his speech, Carter exhibited admirable characteristics of openness, honesty and humility, all of which are essential to a democratic society. In time of crisis we must be extremely careful in accepting the leadership of those who claim to have all the answers.

Jacob Weitzer  
North Miami Beach, Fla.



Why, oh why, didn't our founding forefathers make stupidity an impeachable offense?

Don Colasanto  
Bridgewater, N.J.

A nation that must rely so much on the guidance of one human being either has yet to mature politically or is in the midst of witnessing its own demise.

Alex R. Hybel  
Palo Alto, Calif.

As long as our President treats the energy shortage as a moral problem rather than an economic one, we will have an energy shortage. Carter's program again fails to meet the basic need: incentives to conserve and produce.

David Denwiler  
Summersville, S.C.

In response to Mr. Carter's plea, "Say something good about your country," I shall gladly oblige: A presidential election is held every four years.

Virginia Haberbusch  
Louisville

As an Englishman who has followed the presidential career of Jimmy Carter closely, I can only say that I am somewhat baffled by his continual low rating

in the American popularity polls. I am convinced that he has been the best American leader since World War II.

Billy Hill  
Parkstone, England

Instead of stopping all foreign purchases of oil as of 1977, it would be better if the President had taken this to be the maximum current use level and allowed for whatever additional purchases could be immediately stockpiled by the Government. At the same time, storage facilities should be made available in every state, able to hold at least two years' supply, to be filled up as quickly as possible. These modifications are needed as a protection against sudden and radical reductions in available oil, due to war or other emergencies.

Paul Weiss, Professor of Philosophy  
Catholic University of America  
Washington, D.C.

### Portable Craze

I fail to understand why every dad, like the playing of portable radios in public (July 23), must be scrutinized under a microscope to determine how many of a given ethnic group participate and why. "Box toting" is as much a craze as goldfish swallowing and marathon contests. This, as the others, will pass.

Janis Hines Mallard  
Louisville

If listening to "frenzied" music is what people enjoy, so be it. After all, nowadays people consider themselves fortunate if only their ears are assaulted.

Susan van Riper  
Newtown, Conn.

### Three Cheers for Meatballs

For anyone who has padlocked a camp director in his cabin, stolen every piece of detachable hardware from the showers, hidden a head cook's Beetle in the middle of the archery range, run the reveille record up the flagpole... Meatballs (July 16) is summer camp. I'll sing camp songs with Bill Murray any time.

As for Critic Frank Rich, he can stack the dishes.

Lisa Sandmeyer  
Wilmington, N.C.

### Napoleon or Wizard?

Here in Baltimore, the man you describe as having a Napoleonic complex is known as the Wizard of 33rd Street, and that Earl Weaver is (July 23)! Once you catch his "Oriole fever," there's no getting rid of it.

Scott Lillard  
Lutherville, Md.

Whoever wrote the title "Baltimore's Soft-Shell Crab" knows more about baseball than about crabs. The soft-

shelled crab, having just shed his protective shell, is the most vulnerable and timid crustacean, and usually hides in the sea grasses and shallows. Not a very apt comparison to fiery and aggressive Earl Weaver.

Louis F. Cahn  
Baltimore

### Supreme Court Without a Label

I don't think you meant it this way, but is there a better way to compliment the Supreme Court (July 16) for objectivity on a case-by-case basis than labeling it "neither liberal nor conservative," "distinctly nonideological" and "unpredictable"? In short, what's wrong with being "a court with no identity"?

Paul Malinowski  
Grand Junction, Colo.

### Sex in the Soviet Union

I'd much rather have a Soviet lack of preoccupation with sex (July 23) than go to the other extreme and have an American obsession with it.

Tina Sharia  
Sicklerville, N.J.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky long ago portrayed "violence, alcoholism and sex" in Russian life. Wife beating and child and animal abuse, as well as the pathological patterns studied by Soviet Dissident Mikhail Stern, filled Dostoyevsky's books, giving readers a grim and apparently still true portrait of Soviets at work and play.

Susan Maxson  
San Diego

### Staats, Staats

It was Comptroller General Elmer Staats, not Staab, who said those nice things about Patricia Harris as Secretary of HUD (July 30).

Eli Gordon  
Bayside, New York

Apologies to Comptroller Staats, repeat Staats.

### Batty over Dracula

You made a mistake in not having a woman review the movie *Dracula* (July 23). Mr. Schickel either did not grasp or simply ignored the film's best asset, Frank Langella's sex appeal. Any woman who sees the film will go "batty" over its leading man.

Deborah Berry  
Valparaiso, Ind.

Such devastating charm! And those eyes! More, more, more!

Annie Opitz  
Reno

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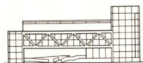
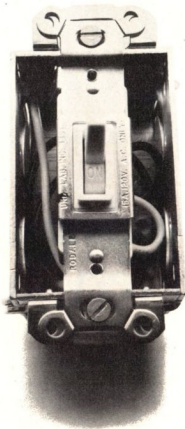
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**Hilton Inn**  
Columbia, Missouri

**Hilton Inn**  
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**The Bel Air Hilton**  
St. Louis, Missouri



**The Scottsdale Hilton**  
Scottsdale (Phoenix), Arizona

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Center**

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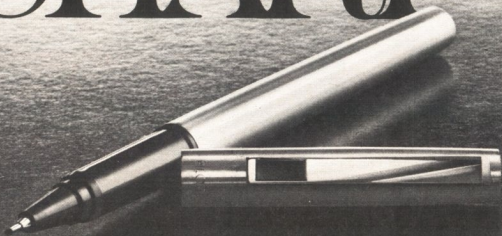


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## American Scene

### Partly in Vermont: A Borderline Case

"This is the border," says Irene Bolduc, stepping in off her porch and pointing to the edge of a doorframe. "See, over in the living room, you are in the United States. Step into the kitchen, *et voilà*, you are in Canada."

Here at the edge of northern Vermont, the international boundary lies right across a quiet but thickly settled small town. On the American side, the town is called Derby Line, Vt.; on the Canadian, Rock Island, Que. Local historians believe that the border runs the way it does because an 18th century British surveyor named John Collins was drunk on the job.

That must have been quite a toot. The international border meanders by the freshly painted porches of stately, old Victorian houses, across shady green backyards, between sprouting rows of beans and lettuce in stubby gardens, even through the shelves of books in the town's Binational Library, across the narrow Tomifobia River and the dusty, noisy corridors of the factory that spans it, and finally along the floor of the Bolducs' living room.

To most Americans the border between the U.S. and Canada seems hardly more than an arbitrary division between two similar and friendly nations. To Bolduc and her family and others in town, the border they straddle represents a very real division. As Derby Line sees it, Canada and the U.S. are distinct sovereignties, often at odds about dozens of minor points of currency, taxes and domestic law.

Bolduc is a Canadian citizen. So is her son Michel. When Michel, now 30, lived at home, he carefully kept his bed on the Canadian side of his bedroom. Now the room belongs to his younger sister, Arlette, 15, an American citizen by virtue of being born in the Newport, Vt. hospital. She has moved the bed to the U.S. side of the room, not out of sibling self-assertion, but because she knows that the location of the bed could be an important technicality should anyone challenge their respective citizenships.

Irene and her husband Lionel put in a new heating system a few years ago, buying Canadian equipment for the Canadian side and American equipment for the American side. Otherwise, had U.S. or Canadian officials dropped in and found hardware from one country on the wrong side of the house, the Bolduc household would have been technically guilty of smuggling. Says Irene with a weary Gallic shrug: "You just don't take any chances."

Everyone here, whether walking two blocks to shop, or traveling from Montreal to Boston, must report citizenship and

whatever purchases have been made, then pay the duties. Travelers going either way never know whether they'll be asked just one or two questions, or be subjected to an extensive search of car and luggage. Customs men decide which on the basis of what a Canadian official calls "*le sixième sens*." In general U.S. goods are cheaper, so Canadians pay a punitive duty on them. The U.S. tries to discourage the importing of Cuban cigars and of course the arrival on American soil of illegal workers.

Over the years the border has occasionally tightened up like a vise. During Prohibition, for instance, American officials tried vigorously, and sometimes violently, to stem the flow of bootleg liquor from Canada. Dr. Gilles Bouchard claims

customs service is notified and a duty is paid. Vending machines just a few feet over the line will not accept the currency of the other country.

Walsh was reassigned from a job on the American side to one on the Canadian side. "The company said they'd take care of the details," he remembers. But they didn't do it right away. After several days at work, Walsh was stopped at the Canadian customs house on his way to work. He told them about his transfer. "They blew up," he remembers. "They claimed I hadn't registered and told me I was in big trouble." For a few anxious days, Walsh feared that he would lose his job, and perhaps even the right to cross freely into Canada.

The most dramatic border incident in Derby Line occurred on July 14, 1976. Rifle-toting plainclothesmen suddenly appeared at every door and window of the town library, an imposing turn-of-the-century granite and brick structure just outside the center of town, and the only public building standing in the U.S. and Canada at the same time.

Without explanation, the library was closed for three days. Inside, unknown to residents, officials of Canada and the U.S. were taking testimony for an international drug trial. Three Canadians had previously been extradited to Milwaukee to stand trial on federal charges. They couldn't return to Canada without "breaking" the extradition request.

But the primary witness against them, also a Canadian, was already in jail in Canada, and afraid to come to the U.S. because of outstanding charges against him. So the three Canadians were flown to Vermont and led in manacles through the front door of the library—in the U.S.—while the witness came in through the fire escape on the Canadian side. The hearing took place back and forth across the thick black line marking the location of the border across the floor of the library.

The troublesome border was drawn in 1774 when British authorities ordered a surveyor to set the line between the colonies of Canada and Vermont at the 45th parallel, the exact midline between the equator and the North Pole. Local historians have cited records of liquor rations brought along on the trip. And these explain why, they say, when the survey was through, the border was set more than a quarter of a mile too far north. But for that British run, Derby Line would have been firmly in Canada for the past 205 years, and the border in an unsettled, and much less complicated, stretch of open countryside.

—Phil Blomfield

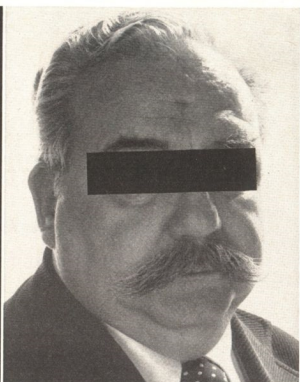
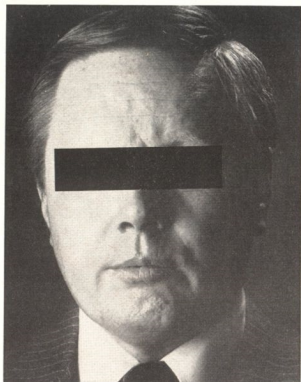


The Bolducs, fille et mère, in front of their house divided

that when he examines some of the aging farmers in the region, he still finds bullet-wound scars. "I'll ask where they got them," he says. "They'll just shrug and tell me they used to run rum into the States."

Trouble with border officials can still seriously disrupt a man's life. Take the case of Terrence Walsh, who now works as an American customs inspector himself, and once was employed by the Butterfield Co., an industrial cutting tool factory which is the town's major employer. The factory is built right across a narrow, frothy stretch of the Tomifobia River and the border runs through it. Two companies are housed in the building: an American corporation buying American raw materials and turning out products for American customers; a Canadian corporation turning Canadian materials into Canadian products. Both are called the Union-Butterfield Division, which belongs to Litton Industrial Products, Inc. in the U.S., and to Litton Business Systems of Canada, Ltd. on the other side. No machinery, materials or goods can cross the borderline in the center of the building—carefully marked by wall plaques and dabs of red paint—unless the appropriate





## One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

He had a fire of a "suspicious" nature, but arson could not be proved. So, he was able to collect a substantial amount on his insurance. He turned his business loss into a profit for himself but into an additional expense for the insurance company and the policyholders.

Arson has become the "hottest" crime in the nation. Who are these arsonists? They range from small, one-time offenders, like the man on the left, to organized professional "torches." Many have found arson a profitable crime. Shocking! Even more shocking are the losses related to arson—700 lives and an estimated \$1.6 billion in insured fire losses in 1977. When you consider lost jobs, property taxes and higher costs in consumer goods, the total economic loss is a staggering \$10 billion!

We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we're alarmed by the rise in this violent, costly and dangerous crime. Not only does arson jeopardize lives and property, it costs policyholders a lot of money—approximately 40¢ of every claim dollar paid for fire losses. That's four times more than ten years ago.

Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We

in the insurance industry urged the government to take this action. We will continue working with law enforcement agencies to stop the spread of this vicious crime.

### Here's what we're doing:

- Trying to take the profit out of arson by more extensive investigation of claims and by cooperating in the prosecution of more persons involved in "suspicious" fires.
- Supporting the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute's investigations of insurance fraud.
- Conducting arson-detection seminars for insurance personnel.
- Developing the Property Insurance Loss Register—a computerized file of previous loss claims which will alert investigators.
- Encouraging state legislators to pass stricter laws that carry heavier punishments for arson.
- Encouraging community and state arson task force programs to deal with arson problems on a local level.

### Here's what you can do:

- Report any suspicious persons or activity to the police, fire department or fire marshal.
- Support efforts in your community to fight arson.

This message is presented by the American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

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So far this year Exxon has earned 726 million dollars from its oil and natural gas operations in the U.S.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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Tareyton lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Tareyton long lights: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Alone at the witness table, Henry Kissinger presents his views on the SALT II pact to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee

MOORE—GAMMA LIAISON

## Nation

TIME/AUG. 13, 1979

# SALT: A 5% Solution?

*Kissinger's testimony helps concentrate an emerging consensus*

**"I**n his essay 'Perpetual Peace,' the philosopher Immanuel Kant wrote that world peace would come about in one of two ways: after a cycle of wars of ever increasing violence, or by an act of moral insight in which the nations of the world renounced the bitter competition bound to lead to self-destruction. Our age faces precisely that choice...."

So said Henry Kissinger as he began his presentation last week before the Senate committees analyzing the SALT II accord. By the time the former Secretary of State had completed 7½ hours of testimony, he had moved beyond Kant in arguing forcefully that today the U.S. must seek peace by pursuing two parallel paths: one attempting to find areas of cooperation with the Soviet Union and the other ensuring that the nation's military arsenal is strong enough to preserve the balance of power. Kissinger's appearance helped transform the proceedings into one of the most probing analyses in years of the nation's military strength and its relations with the U.S.S.R.

As the hearings recessed at week's end, after a month of testimony, SALT II's chances in the Senate seemed perceptibly brighter. The accord's opponents have mostly failed to dent the Carter Administration's key argument that this agreement is better than no agreement. Exclaimed a White House aide: "No one laid a glove on the treaty itself—at all."

Paradoxically, however, dedicated



Test-launching a Trident missile

*A key weapon to offset Soviet strength.*

arms controllers have lost ground during the hearings because the price of the treaty is almost certain to be a U.S. arms buildup. This was not only Kissinger's message, but that of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Defense Secretary Harold Brown, Democratic Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia and others. Indeed, the main issue no longer appears to be whether SALT II will pass, although that is not yet certain; instead, it is what kind of measures will accompany the treaty to strengthen the nation's defenses and send the right signals to the Kremlin and America's allies.

As the chief architect of the 1972 SALT I accord, a shaper of SALT II and an old hand at analyzing the dynamics of the U.S.-Soviet relationship, Kissinger had long been awaited at the hearings. On Tuesday spectators began lining up for seats hours before he testified, and the Caucus Room was filled to capacity for his appearance before the Foreign Relations Committee. Thursday he came before the Armed Services Committee. Senators of both parties clearly were dazzled by Kissinger; their questioning was deferential and they frequently addressed him as "Mr. Secretary."

Emphasizing his own commitment to the SALT process, Kissinger explained that a major purpose of the arms control effort is to find a formula that preserves each superpower's "capacity to retaliate" against a nuclear strike, "thereby reducing the incentive and capacity for surprise attack." It is not enough simply to ad-



vocate a reduction in atomic arms, he added. Concern for national security requires building a huge weapons arsenal while the efforts are under way to build an enduring peace. Said he: "How to avoid nuclear war without succumbing to nuclear blackmail—this is the overwhelming problem of our period."

Because of the difficulties inherent in this problem, he preferred not to give a

simple answer to the basic question of whether the Senate should approve SALT II. Instead, his response was "Yes, but"—a big but. He acknowledged that the treaty contains a number of "beneficial aspects." For one thing, the pact's overall ceiling of 2,250 strategic systems "will force the Soviets to get rid of 250 [systems], including some modern ones." For another, the treaty would limit the number of warheads that could be fired by a missile. But despite these accomplishments, he stressed that SALT II "is essentially peripheral to our basic security and geopolitical concerns."

To get at these urgent matters, he said that the Senate should endorse the treaty only under certain conditions. They are:

- An "obligatory understanding between the Congress and the President" to remedy "the grave peril posed by the current military balance." He called for extra military spending for the current fiscal year and a revised five-year defense plan, which he suggested should be drafted during Congress's August recess so that the funds could be authorized and appropriated before SALT II comes to a vote. Said Kissinger: "If the Administration is unable to put forward such a program to this session of Congress, I recommend that the Senate delay its advice and consent [on SALT II] until a new military program has been submitted to and authorized by the next session of Congress." When asked why the spending commitment should precede approval of the accord, he replied: "If we do it later, the Soviets will say that we are not living up to the spirit of the agreement."

► A statement by the Senate, attached to its resolution approving SALT II, declaring that the terms of the treaty do not interrupt "cooperative relationships with allies." In this way the U.S. would be on record as insisting on its right to share

weapons technology with its allies and insisting that such action does not violate SALT II's "non-circumvention clause." This provision bars Washington and Moscow from using "third parties" to circumvent SALT II's limitations.

► A clear-cut declaration that the treaty protocol, which bans deployment of the ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles with ranges exceeding 373 miles, would

not be extended beyond the end of 1981, when it is scheduled to expire. Kissinger reasons that this would make it harder for Moscow to argue that the protocol's restrictions are a precedent for SALT III. A further ban on ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles, he maintains, should be accepted only if Moscow agrees to limits on some of its own short-range "theater" weapon systems, such as the SS-20 missiles and the Backfire bomber, which can reach targets in China and Western Europe.

► A set of instructions to the SALT III negotiators to eliminate the "iniquities" in the present treaty. One of them, according to Kissinger, is letting Moscow deploy 308 giant SS-18 intercontinental ballistic missiles while barring the U.S. from developing similarly powerful ICBMs. He suggested a number of possible ways SALT III might remedy this imbalance: Moscow could give up its heavy missiles; the U.S. could gain the right to have as many such missiles as the U.S.S.R.; or the U.S. could obtain a compensating advantage by being allowed to have more of some other weapon system than the Soviets. (Ironically, the Soviet heavy-missile monopoly is the result of the freeze on existing ICBMs imposed by SALT I and the 1974 Vladivostok guidelines; in both instances, the negotiations were directed by Kissinger.)

► A "vigorous expression" by the Senate that there is "linkage between SALT and Soviet geopolitical conduct." For instance,

said Kissinger, this means that the SALT process would suffer if the Soviets exacerbate regional conflicts or support "groups and activities seeking to undermine governments friendly to the U.S." To monitor this linkage, Kissinger wants the Administration to submit an annual report to the Senate evaluating Moscow's global behavior. He also urged the Senate to vote every other year on whether Soviet conduct merits continuation of whatever arms talks might then be under way.

In a tense exchange

with Delaware's Joseph Biden, Kissinger said that unless his suggestions were accepted, he would urge a "no" vote on the treaty. But he also made it clear that, as an arms control advocate, he did not enjoy offering them. Said he: "The course I propose will make SALT II far from the turn in the arms race many of us hoped for when the negotiations were inaugurated. But too much time has been lost, too many weapons systems have been unilaterally abandoned [by the U.S.], too many military adventures have been encouraged by the Soviet Union."

He admitted that there would be a price to pay for a SALT defeat. For example, he said, it would undermine "international confidence in our ability to perceive our own interests or to harmonize the various branches of our government." It would also "have a disruptive impact on East-West relationships, creating a crisis atmosphere." But he added that the price could be much greater if the Senate approves the pact without strengthening defense: "If the custodian of free world security neglects its task, sooner or later panic will become inevitable."

Already, said Kissinger, "the military balance is beginning to tilt ominously against the U.S. in too many significant categories of weaponry." He pointed out that while the Kremlin long has led in conventional forces, this dominance used to be offset, in great part, by American preponderance in strategic and battlefield nuclear weapons. But the Soviets have been surpassing the U.S. in some key strategic categories. In ICBMs, for example, the Soviet arsenal jumped from 860 in 1968 to 1,398 today, while the number of U.S. ICBMs has stayed at 1,054. Kissinger repeated

what a number of witnesses had already told the Senators: that by the early 1980s, "improvements in missile accuracy and warhead technology will put the Soviets in a position to wipe out" nearly all U.S. land-based ICBMs. Said Kissinger: "Rarely in history has a nation so passively accepted a radical change in the military balance."

What especially worries Kissinger is the possibility that if Moscow achieves overall strategic superiority it might gain powerful diplomatic leverage. Foreign Relations



Sam Nunn



Frank Church



Jacob Javits



John Glenn

## Nation

Committee Chairman Frank Church questioned Kissinger's reasoning; the Idaho Democrat pointed out that even when the U.S. enjoyed nuclear superiority, the Soviets were not inhibited from building the Berlin Wall or putting missiles in Cuba. Kissinger riposted softly, "They might feel less inhibited if we didn't have superiority." While concern about Soviet superiority had been raised by other witnesses, such as the Joint Chiefs, it carried extra weight coming from Kissinger. Just five years ago, he declared: "What in the name of God is strategic superiority? What is the significance of it?" But last week he recanted, explaining that the

statement had been made "after an exhausting negotiation" and that it "reflected fatigue and exasperation, not analysis." When New York's Jacob Javits later referred to this change of heart, Kissinger jokingly alluded to his famous ego, saying that this confession of error was "a historic occasion."

By carefully proposing changes only in the "strategic environment," while keeping intact the painstakingly negotiated SALT II text, Kissinger was able to stress that his proposals would not require new bargaining with the Kremlin. Explicit Soviet approval would not be needed for the strictly unilateral actions sought

by Kissinger. He thus distanced himself from those Senators who have demanded fundamental revisions in the accord, such as Henry (Scoop) Jackson of Washington and Jake Garn of Utah. Minority Leader Howard Baker of Tennessee has also been seeking major changes of the pact's provisions, but he hinted that his position might shift as a result of what he had heard from Kissinger. Kissinger indicated that he had no major worries about verifying Soviet compliance with SALT II, something that has bothered Senator John Glenn of Ohio.

From the Administration there was almost an audible sigh of relief after Kis-

# An Interview with Kissinger

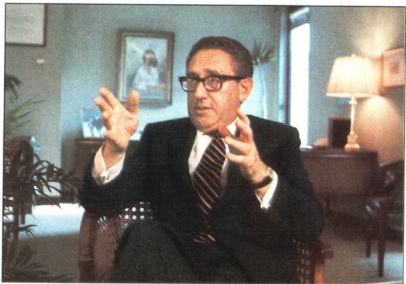
*"They should not dispatch proxy forces, not encourage coups . . ."*

*In his Senate testimony, Henry Kissinger exhorted the Congress and Administration to join in meeting what he believes is a very real Soviet threat. In an exclusive interview with TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, Kissinger expanded on the strategic themes of his testimony. Excerpts:*

**Q.** If, as you suggest, the Soviets have been primarily exploiting targets of opportunity rather than pursuing some detailed master plan, why do you put so much of the onus on them to resist those temptations? Why is it up to them to avoid taking advantage of opportunities that come their way, such as the turmoil in Iran?

**A.** Clearly we cannot ask the Soviet Union in effect to police the world for us by preventing situations adverse to our interests. You cannot ask the Soviet Union not to take advantage of what is in effect being handed to them. I have never accused the Soviet Union of directly causing the events in Iran. However, I believe that some of the things the Soviet Union did contributed to a climate of insecurity that helped to demoralize the leadership of Iran and encouraged its opponents. The network of semiterrorist and guerrilla-trained organizations that the Soviet Union finances and supports has an impact on such situations. After all, Khomeini admitted—indeed avowed—that the PLO had been a major encouragement [in his revolution].

But Iran is not the principal example. The best examples of unrestrained Soviet conduct, in which they create the opportunity rather than simply reaping the harvest of our failure, are the dispatch of Cuban proxy forces to Angola and Ethiopia, the two invasions of Zaïre from Angola, the Communist coups in South Yemen and Afghanistan, and the Soviet friendship treaty with Viet Nam just prior to Viet Nam's occupation of Cambodia. Also, there's the establishment of Soviet bases in Viet Nam and military depots



The former Secretary of State in his Washington office

in Ethiopia and Libya, the dispatch of air forces to Cuba to fly air defense missions so that the Cuban air force could operate in Africa. All of these cases are an assault on the geopolitical equilibrium.

So I'm not saying that everything that happens in the world that is adverse to our interests and which benefits the Soviet Union is up to the Soviet Union to avoid. But the Soviet Union can avoid exacerbating conflicts that may arise even if it did not cause them. That means they should not dispatch proxy forces, not encourage coups and create a general climate of insecurity, not sign friendship treaties under conditions that will lead to military operations. That burden we must assume, too, in any rational pattern of coexistence.

**Q.** Does not the Soviet-Vietnamese friendship treaty have to be seen in the dual context of the Sino-Soviet hostility and Viet Nam's

singer's appearance. Because he had given no clue to what he intended to say, some Carter aides had feared that the former Secretary might propose "killer amendments." After the Tuesday testimony, the State Department said that while it did not agree with all of Kissinger's points, it welcomed his "general approach."

**H**ow much a strong defense will cost is uncertain. Kissinger put no price tag on the extra efforts that he urged, but he cited the Joint Chiefs' recommendation for a 5% boost (after inflation) in the Pentagon budget. The Administration already is committed to an annual 3% real increase. The hike asked for by the Joint Chiefs probably

would mean increasing the proposed 1980 defense outlays of \$122.7 billion by more than \$6 billion.

This would confront the Administration with a painful choice: either cutting civilian programs to spend more on the military or increasing the budget deficit and probably fueling inflation. Advocates of higher military spending note that during almost every year since 1968, U.S. defense outlays (adjusted for inflation) actually were shrinking while the Soviet arsenal kept expanding. But Kissinger sees no alternative to higher spending. Said he: "The Soviets will never agree to unilateral reductions. If we want equality, we must build to equality."

He proposed no new weapons sys-

tems. Instead he said that the extra money should be used to accelerate existing strategic arms programs, such as the Trident missile and submarine, the MX mobile ICBM and the air-launched cruise missile. In addition, he called for improved tactical nuclear weapons, expanded conventional forces and a larger navy.

Although Kissinger wants the size and shape of the extra defense effort determined before the SALT II vote, the Senate and Administration are unlikely to move that quickly. The chances seem good, however, that the White House will be willing to accelerate programs for modernizing the U.S. arsenal. Said a top Administration aide: "We'll work out the dollars if that will get the treaty."

**feeling of being directly threatened by China? Why was that treaty necessarily provocative against the U.S.?**

**A.** Of course it has to be seen in that context. But under the practical conditions at the time, the signing of that treaty had the perfectly foreseeable consequence of throwing a lighted match into a powder keg. That treaty came about when the Vietnamese army was substantially concentrated on the Cambodian frontier, so the treaty gave the Vietnamese reassurance against a Chinese reaction to their aggression in Cambodia. Now I happen to believe that the Cambodian government [of Pol Pot] was a group of genocidal murderers. But that was not why the Vietnamese went into Cambodia; they went in because the Cambodian Communists wanted to be independent of Viet Nam.

The attack by Viet Nam had an enormously unsettling impact on all of the other countries of Southeast Asia. Therefore it affected our own longer-term interests. Such behavior is incompatible with a U.S.-Soviet relationship of genuine coexistence.

**Q. What is the Soviet responsibility for the coup in Afghanistan?**

**A.** Somebody who starts a rock slide does not have to be accountable for every last rock that hits a victim. The coup was heavily Communist in its organization, and since then the Soviet Union has taken operational control over many aspects of Afghan political life. That fact had an extremely unsettling effect on the Iranian government, which interpreted our acquiescence in it as potential collusion between us and the Soviet Union in creating spheres of influence. It also had an unsettling effect on Pakistan. I do not want to imply, though, that there was much we could have done about it locally. But the fact that the coup in Afghanistan seemed to have no influence on our relationship with the Soviet Union was upsetting to others in the region.

**Q.** In some ways, your approach seems to suggest a version of the spheres-of-influence doctrine: the U.S. has its friends, and the Soviets have theirs, and the Soviets are not allowed to make encroachments in our areas when our friends are in trouble.

**A.** Look at it from another point of view. It is simply impossible to have rules of conduct whereby we cannot encroach on the Soviet sphere while the Soviets exercise an unlimited right to create turmoil in our sphere. If that's the situation, then over a period of time the defeat of free societies is foreordained.

**Q. Why can't we encroach in theirs?**

**A.** Because we would immediately be accused of provocative conduct involving a high risk of war. If we started engaging in the sort of activities in Eastern Europe that the Soviets have en-

gaged in in Africa, first it would lead to bloody repression, and second we would be accused of fomenting the risk of war.

**Q. Are the dangers you see permanent?**

**A.** Not necessarily. We are in a curious position. Let's look at the future in a ten-year perspective. If we can solve our immediate problems of military security, energy and chronic unemployment caused by the rise of labor-saving technology—and I believe those problems can be solved—then I think the greater dynamism of the free societies is bound to tell. We have a major problem facing us now in setting an agenda first for the industrial democracies and second for the relationship of the industrial democracies to developing countries. I do not believe that the Communist states have an answer either to the questions about the internal structure and evolution of industrial society or to the problem of development. So I would expect that if we do our job on the immediate issues, by the late '80s we could be in a period of tremendous dynamism, while the Soviet Union could be in a period either of serious domestic crisis or at least ambivalence.

The military danger I see in the early '80s is this: I can imagine a new generation of Soviet leaders deciding that the structure of Soviet society must be changed. Look at the dramatic transformation being attempted by the post-Mao Chinese leaders in very different circumstances. Future Soviet leaders, however, may consider that they have a choice: Do they want to undertake to change the internal structure of their society with all the attendant turmoil and uncertainties while the international environment is unsettled? Or do they want to create what they might see as an absolutely safe international environment and thereby postpone the more painful domestic choices? That might mean taking advantage of their military potential, possibly toward China, in the Middle East, or perhaps even in Europe. This is why the military problem is so acute. In my judgment the Soviet Union will face that choice at the precise moment that the military balance [between the U.S. and U.S.S.R.] could be rather difficult for us and rather advantageous to them. In what I am proposing [as a strategic and military program to accompany SALT], I would like to compress the time period that is available to the Soviet Union for making that decision. That is the essence of what I have been trying to say in the Senate this week.

**Q.** You seem to feel if we can get over the bad period immediately ahead, the prospect for the longer term is quite promising. That is not the Spenglerian pessimism that is so often associated with you.

**A.** (Laughing) In my most Spenglerian moments, I have not said the sorts of things about America even comparable to what President Carter said on July 15 [in his nationally televised speech on energy].



## Nation



Elated President reaches out to touch people from roof of his limousine

### In Bourbon and Coal Country

*If it's Tuesday, this must be Bardstown*

Jimmy Carter cannot proclaim, as Stephen Foster once did, that Bardstown is *My Old Kentucky Home*. But after his warm and noisy welcome there last week, the President might well consider the small (pop. 7,000) town in Kentucky's bourbon and coal country a refreshing spiritual haven where Washington's incessant pressures can be, if only fleetingly, forgotten.

As the presidential limousine drove down Bardstown's main street, it was engulfed by people stretching out their hands and shouting, "Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy!" Carter impulsively climbed onto the car's roof. As the auto moved slowly ahead, the President sprawled on its top, his legs dangling awkwardly over the windshield, a nervous Secret Service agent reaching up to grab his arm and keep him from falling. Through it all, Carter grinned delightedly. From his perilous perch, he reached out to the people. At least from his viewpoint, Carter's post-Camp David drive to get back in touch with grass-roots America was off to a successful start. This week he is making a similar foray into Baltimore.

Though Carter's critics saw an element of escapism in his new zest for domestic travel, he used the trip to address nationwide concerns, notably the need to reduce the heavy U.S. dependence on foreign oil. On his way to Bardstown, he stopped off at the Cane Run electric power plant on the outskirts of Louisville. It was chosen because it is a model of what the President wants: a power plant that burns coal instead of oil and uses expensive "scrubbers" to keep even high-sulfur coal from polluting the air. Facing a crowd of workers in yellow, orange and green hard hats, Carter declared: "I would rather burn another ton of Kentucky coal than see our nation become

dependent on another barrel of OPEC oil."

The President made one other side trip, helicoptering without advance notice across the border to English, Ind., where the Little Blue River had caused enough flood damage to qualify the area for federal disaster relief. Standing ankle deep in mud, Carter told some 40 grateful residents of the town: "I just wanted to see if everything is all right with you all and to let you know we'll have some help in here very shortly." Replied one enthusiastic woman: "You've restored our faith in Government."

Carter was at his best in the forum he seems to like most: a "town meeting."

in the sweltering Bardstown high school gym, which was jammed with 2,100 people who had waited up to three hours for good seats. Shedding his jacket and rolling up his sleeves, Carter was as folksy as the victorious campaigner of 1976. When one youth found that his microphone would not work, the President graciously called him to the podium to use his. When a rural woman complained about the telephone rates in her neighborhood, Carter promised to call the head of the state public utilities commission, admitting with a smile: "I'm not guaranteeing you any results, but I'll guarantee you I'll call them." (Carter did call, but discovered that the telephone tolls were tied up in a complex court action beyond his influence.)

To a resident worried about environmental damage from increased coal production, Carter conceded that many people fear that "coal is dirty and will lower the quality of our life." But, the President insisted, "that is not true" and "we can burn twice as much coal in this nation and not lower our environmental standards at all... that's what I'm determined to do." He did not, however, discuss the difficult economics of preventing pollution.

Can Bardstown-style trips increase Jimmy Carter's record-low popularity ratings and revive his presidency? Obviously not, unless he achieves positive results in producing energy legislation, fighting inflation and preventing a deep recession. His critics insist he ought to stay in Washington to give full time to doing just that. Clearly, Carter is gambling that he can best sell both himself and his ideas by reverting to the style, themes and footwork that carried him to the presidency in the first place.

### Slippery Comparisons

The language of diplomacy wisely shuns analogies. In a supposedly off-the-record session with newsmen, Jimmy Carter was reported by the New York Times to have likened the Palestinian problem to the "civil rights movement here in the United States."

Though Carter actually was only comparing two issues, and the emotions involved, the reaction was swift and furious. "Carter's suggestion that the Palestine Liberation Organization is akin to civil rights is the worst insult he could level at Americans trying to achieve true equality," charged Arnold Forster, general counsel of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. In Israel, already worried over a growing rift with the U.S., a top aide to Premier Menachem Begin said Washington's credibility was "shattered."

The Administration tried to end the fuss by saying that the Times account was garbled. Explained Press Secretary Jody Powell: "The President actually said he felt the right to return [to the West Bank] is important to the Palestinians as a matter of principle, just as certain rights were important to blacks as a matter of principle." Among these, according to Powell, were the desegregation of schools and restaurants. That slighting reference to constitutional rights irritated a number of blacks and scarcely placated the supporters of Israel.

The White House then issued a second clarification. Said Vice President Walter Mondale to Israeli television: "In no sense did the President wish to relate the civil rights movement to the so-called P.L.O."





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# Summertime Slowdown

Once again, Congress puts off any energy program

**A**s Congress prepared to adjourn last week for a month's recess, all sense of urgency seemed to evaporate in the summer heat. Much to the disgust of the White House, the push to pass the President's energy bill ground to a halt.

The slowdown was started by Democratic Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, who wrote a letter to Budget Committee Chairman Edmund Muskie urging him to set up a task force to study both the economic and environmental impact of Carter's \$141 billion energy program. It was too vast and too complicated, Hart argued, to be approved without extensive research. "We ought to understand what all this means," he said. Muskie agreed and took the argument to Senator Henry Jackson, who wanted an omnibus energy bill as soon as possible. Despite Jackson, the Hart-Muskie view prevailed, and Jackson's own Energy and Natural Resources Committee voted to request only \$3 billion for the synthetic fuel program in the fiscal 1980 budget instead of the \$22 billion sought by the President.

Hart was placed in charge of the task force he had recommended. He plans to consult the Congressional Budget Office and several other agencies, then report to the Senate when it reconvenes after Labor Day. He said with relief: "A lot of steam has come out of the effort, allowing the fever to cool off and calm to reassert itself. It's too much, too soon. It is a good program for the 1990s, not something you have to pass in the summer of 1979. We might create a monster we can't get rid of." Agreed Abe Ribicoff: "We have the responsibility not to rush to judgment."

The Senate was also uneasy about approving such an expensive program because the budget deficit is ominously rising. Congress set a goal of a \$23 billion deficit for fiscal 1980 with the intention of balancing the budget the following year. But inflation has wrecked these plans, and additional spending is expected. To get SALT II approved, its supporters will probably have to agree to increased defense outlays of as much as \$7 billion. The recession may trigger further spending: a jump of 2% in the unemployment rate could add \$40 billion to the deficit because of lower tax revenues and higher spending on social programs. If there is a tax cut to combat the recession, that alone could push the deficit for fiscal 1980 to \$50 billion or \$60 billion.

Before adjourning, the Senate displayed another sign of independence. The

White House had called for a 43% reduction in Amtrak routes in order to trim the \$600 million annual subsidy. Then came the gas shortage, and Amtrak ridership jumped 24% in June over the year before. So the Senate voted to pare the system by just under 20%. To remain in service, a train must average 150 passengers per mile and lose no more than 7¢ a mile per passenger. Among the trains that will survive: the New York-New Orleans

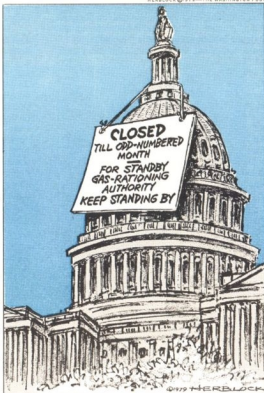
for at least 30 days, a reduction about three times as severe as the one that caused the recent gas lines. The House added an amendment that was especially offensive to the White House because it allows any building to avoid mandatory thermostat settings of 78°F in summer and 65°F in winter if the owner can show that he is saving comparable amounts of fuel in other ways. Another amendment excluded farmers from all conservation controls, and new allocations were established to promise farmers enough diesel oil and homeowners enough heating fuel.

The House Ways and Means Committee virtually laughed off Carter's proposals for \$2.4 billion in tax credits to

encourage development of new energy sources. Drawing the most ridicule were credits for installing wood-burning stoves and for positioning buildings so that they have maximum southern exposure. Republican Representative Barber Conable quipped that credits should be allowed for windows that face east, "since the sun rises in the east." Democrat William Brodhead warned that a tax break for wood-burning stoves might make it necessary to "post guards around our trees." Declared Florida Democrat Sam Gibbons: "I'm going to be hard as the dickens to convince that any of these proposals are worth the paper they are printed on."

Responding to the House actions, the Administration complained that once again its energy program was being cannibalized by parochial interests. Vice President Walter Mondale chided the House for adopting "crippling amendments to our proposals for an absolutely essential stand-by gasoline rationing program... amendments that undermine existing laws to save energy. As the gas lines have receded and the inevitable interest-group pressure has mounted, I regret to say Congress has failed to make adequate progress on the President's proposals." Press Secretary Jody Powell called the week's votes in Congress "ill advised, unworkable, unenforceable and unacceptable."

Before departing, Congress had one unpleasant piece of housekeeping to do: the punishment of Detroit Democrat Charles Diggs, the senior black in the House, who had been convicted of forcing his staff to kick back part of their salaries to him. Republicans pressed for his expulsion, but failed by a vote of 205 to 197. Then the House voted 414 to 0 for censure. Diggs will have to repay \$40,000 he had pocketed to the U.S. Treasury, and as long as he remains in Congress, his employees must certify that they are receiving their full pay. Diggs, who is appealing a three-year prison sentence, promptly announced that he would run for re-election.



Southern Crescent, considered the best passenger train in the nation; the Washington-Montreal *Montrealer*; and one of the two trains running between New York and Florida. Those likely to be dropped: the Chicago-Miami *Floridian*, the New York-Kansas City *National Limited*, the Chicago-Seattle *North Coast Hawatha*. Since the Senate bill resembles the one passed by the House, the Administration will probably grudgingly go along with the more limited cutback.

Carter was not faring much better in the House. That body approved the stand-by gas rationing bill urged by the President, but it was hobbled by so many amendments that it represents a hollow victory. Rationing cannot be imposed unless a 20% oil shortage is likely to occur

## The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

### Proud of Being a Politician

The de Havilland Sky Hawker is all fueled up. The Hasselblad camera is packed away in its tan case with the Senator's favorite 120-mm lens nestled in leather. He has a clutch of Arthur Adler's summer suits ready for rumpling. Tab, Fresca and coffee by the gallon are in the hold. The ghost of Everett McKinley Dirksen has been signed on. About this time Howard Henry Baker Jr. (5 ft. 7½ in., 160 lbs.) is ready to roll through 26 states, thumping and sweating and striving to be President of the U.S.

There is something bright and burning about this Republican camera nut and son-in-law of the late Dirksen. It is Baker's season. In six months he has come up ten to twelve points in the opinion polls. In the Kentucky hills and along the clear streams of Utah, when they take time to think about politics, there are unusual numbers of queries now about Howard Baker.

Teddy Kennedy this week will be camping in the cool Berkshires. Ronald Reagan is taking off the entire month of August. Jimmy Carter hopes for an interlude soon on an ocean island, savoring a fisherman's solitude. Not Baker.

He will inspect beef cattle and beauty queens and shout to everyone that "I am proud of being a politician!" He will tell his audiences that he is sick and tired of hearing that professional politicians are not worthy of trust, that he is fed up with amateurism.

The Senate minority leader has a remarkable record on the issues. He is responsible, often original and almost always ahead. He dived in to help the President win the Panama Canal Treaty and the arms package for Israel, Egypt and Saudi Arabia. Down at the G.O.P.'s Tidewater Conference he seized the moment and focused on SALT as an occasion for a broad re-examination of the "total military and foreign policy relationship between the Soviet Union and the U.S." It was, in Baker's eyes, time to dispel the tattered remnants of Arthur Vandenberg's bipartisan tradition, something that was right a generation ago, just after World War II, but is not fully applicable in today's psychological struggles.

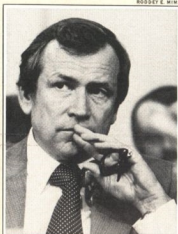
Baker articulated the dark thoughts that crossed the mind of many a citizen stuck in a gas line. If the big oil companies were gouging the American people, Baker declared, they risked nationalization. Baker was wildly against even the thought of such a measure, but as a professional pol he sensed an ugly mood. His warning nearly cracked the picture windows in Houston's Petroleum Club. Baker's mail showed it.

He went to Moscow and warned Leonid Brezhnev about the doubts the Senate had over SALT. He raised his questions back home, and his state of mind is crucial as the debate rumbles along. When Jimmy Carter came down from the mountaintop in his new leadership robes, Baker, who was not invited to the seminars, swallowed hard, but once again supported his political rival.

"Deep down I'd like to tell him to go to hell," Baker muttered to friends. But he did not. Instead, he said he was "willing to lay aside animosities... He is President, we are in a tough time, he's got a big problem, the country has a big problem. And I'm going to give him his day."

Therein is the legacy of Dirksen, who used to reside in Baker's Capitol office, doing Baker's leadership job. "I saw it close up," says Baker. "Right here Dirksen and Lyndon Johnson worked out their differences for the good of the country. They were adversaries but not enemies."

So Howard Baker insists that judgment should be first but politics a close second. That means some solid whacks, as well as support in critical times. Baker was the one who labeled Carter "a yellow-pad President" and suggested that while the President "was saying the right things, I'm not sure he can make them happen." Politics, Baker believes, is results, though even he sometimes pauses to make a few notes. They are always brief enough to go on the backs of envelopes.



Howard Baker in Washington last week

### Tandem Trouble

Carter tries to delay a primary

Jimmy Carter's campaign strategists live with at least one recurring nightmare: the President gets clobbered by a write-in vote for Edward Kennedy in New Hampshire's opening Democratic primary next Feb. 26, and then on the following Tuesday, March 4, he loses badly in Massachusetts to some popular Bay State Democrat serving as a stand-in for Kennedy. Since such a pair of defeats is no way to start a re-election campaign, the Carter forces have fought desperately to persuade Democratic Party officials in Massachusetts to delay their primary until April 15.

The attack has been two-pronged: 1) Thomas McGee, speaker of the Massachusetts house, has quietly supported a Carter move to get the state legislature to postpone the primary day, and 2) John White, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has warned the state's Democrats that the March 4 date violates a D.N.C. rule requiring all state Democratic organizations to take "positive steps" to set their primary elections between March 11 and June 11. If they do not do so, contends White, the delegates chosen by any earlier election could possibly be denied seats at the Democratic National Convention next summer in New York City. (Democratic officials in New Hampshire have apparently complied technically with the rules by introducing a bill in the legislature to change that state's primary date, but they have no decisive influence in the Republican-dominated legislature, and actually like the first-in-the-nation status.)

One of those two challenges seemed to collapse last week. Realizing that he did not have the votes to approve a postponement, Speaker McGee said he does not even want the delaying bill brought to the floor of the house for consideration. The state Democratic chairman, Chester Atkins, also refused to back the bill. At the same time, Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas said he may run in the primary as part of a "hold-the-delegates-for-Kennedy operation."

### Where Are We?

Someone seems confused

After Jimmy Carter's visit to Vienna for the signing of SALT II, all of the U.S. embassy staff in the Austrian capital received notes from White House Staff Assistant Dan Lee. The notes were a nice touch, but the contents left diplomats shaking their heads. Wrote Lee: "Many thanks for your help with the arrangements for the President's visit to Germany."



# The Revolution Never Came

Herbert Marcuse: 1898-1979

It is a worldly philosopher's dream: his long neglected works catch fire, illuminate his times and emblazon his name for posterity. It does not often come true, but it did for Herbert Marcuse. In the tumultuous 1960s his arcane and obscurely written books were suddenly discovered by student radicals in both America and Western Europe, and the white-maned, craggy-faced, cigar-puffing septuagenarian found himself a culture hero of the youth rebellion. A protesting student in Rome spoke for innumerable other rebels when he placed Marcuse in a holy trinity of revolutionaries: "We see Marx as the prophet, Marcuse as his interpreter and Mao as the sword."

But philosophical fame, like other kinds, proved fleeting. When the swords

of Strategic Services and later with the State Department, Marcuse went back to teaching (Columbia, Harvard, Brandeis). His books, as they appeared, caused scarcely a ripple until the 1960s. Then came the splash. The student radicals who appropriated him were highly selective. From Marcuse's message, embedded in prose of almost impenetrable prolixity, they extracted the slogans that served their purposes. Explained an American radical: "It was our unrepressed intolerance and thorough antipermissiveness that brought our actions success. Who gave us the intellectual courage to be intolerant and unpermissive? Herbert Marcuse more than anyone."

For Marcuse, American freedom was illusory. Drawing on his own disillusion-

create? Marcuse was rather hazy except to suggest that somehow people could continue to enjoy all the good things of life without having to pay the price for them. His was an apocalyptic vision of humanity liberated from capitalist restraints and soaring into a splendid new world of unfettered pleasure.

Though his utopia was not achieved, Marcuse lived pleasantly enough. He spent the half decade of student upheaval lecturing genially to packed halls in the sunny tranquillity of the University of California at San Diego. Tanned, fit, cheerful students mixed musings on revolution with sunning, surfing, downing beers. "You cannot have fun with fascism," Marcuse recently complained. Yet he seemed to have fun. Just three years ago, he married his third wife Erica (by his first marriage he had a son Peter). He loved music, hiking, parties, endless philosophizing. "Everything was up for questioning every day," said a friend. He reveled in man and beast alike. He was an avid lifetime member of the San Diego Zoo. If he was embittered at the failure of revolution and the waning of his own popularity, he did not show it. His own life—robust, naysaying, always provoking—was the best refutation of his theories. Tolerance never repressed him. ■

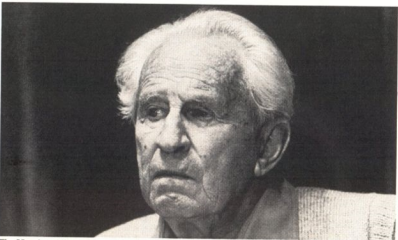
## Quixotic Quest

*Tilting at the major parties*

"Our system today no more resembles a free enterprise than a freeway resembles a dirt road." So said Environmentalist Barry Commoner, 62, a professor at Washington University in St. Louis, last week as he launched a drive to form the Citizens Party. The new political party will promote alternative energy programs, environmental issues and greater government control of big corporations. Said Commoner: "Elevating the national interest above vested private interests is the heart of what the Citizens Party is all about."

Among Commoner's fellow organizers are Chicago Author Studs Terkel (*Working*); Maggie Kuhn of the Gray Panthers in Philadelphia; Harriet Barlow of the Institute for Local Self-Reliance in Washington; Archibald Gillies, former head of the John Hay Whitney Foundation in New York City; and Political Strategist Don Rose, who earlier this year helped Jane Byrne win her upset victory over Chicago Mayor Michael Bilandic.

Low on cash (a 1979 budget of \$300,000) but high on idealism, Commoner and his colleagues plan a national convention early next year and hope to nominate a presidential candidate. Said he: "We do not intend to be a third party nibbling away at the crumbs left over by the other two parties. We're going to challenge them for their existence." ■



The Marxist philosopher participating in discussion in Frankfurt last May

*From prose of almost impenetrable prolixity, radicals chose the slogans they needed.*

were sheathed and the flowers withered in the 1970s, Marcuse's reputation faded just as fast as it had bloomed. When he died at 81 last week following a stroke in West Germany, he had virtually no influence among students and his once much discussed books—*Eros and Civilization*, *One-Dimensional Man*—were little read. Noted a member of his West German publishing house: "He died bitter, disillusioned with mankind but still an idealist."

Born to an upper-class Jewish family in Berlin, Marcuse became a confirmed Marxist while studying at the universities of Berlin and Freiburg. In the German idealist tradition, he had abnormally high expectations for mankind and came to the conclusion that only revolution could realize them. He was a founder of the left Frankfurt Institute for Social Research. With the rise of Hitler, Marcuse and other members of the institute fled to the U.S., where they had a continuing impact on academic opinion.

After wartime service with the Office

ment with pre-Nazi Germany, he developed the conviction that society is manipulated by its unscrupulous managers. A system of "total administration" in America co-opted and disarmed dissenters, he said. Giving them freedom to dissent was a way of allowing them to let off steam without threatening the power establishment. Thus tolerance was a form of intolerance, one of those paradoxes that abound in Marcuse. He wrote: "Freedom (of opinion, of assembly, of speech) becomes an instrument for absolving servitude."

To overturn this hypocritical society, Marcuse did not urge a revolt of the masses. He disdained the working class for its materialism. The common people, he lamented, were "disinclined to risk their relative prosperity for abstract and utopian ideas." Revolution, he believed, lay with a special elite he described as a "democratic educational dictatorship of free men" in his influential essay, *Repressive Tolerance*. And the utopia they would

# Americana



## Run-of-the-Mill Revolt

Retired Burger King Executive Harry Wilson formed the Dade Tax Revolt Committee in Miami last fall and set out to halve the county property tax rate, to \$4 per \$1,000 of assessed value. He gathered 15,000 signatures to put the proposition on the ballot next month. But the best laid schemes of tax revolutionaries gang aft a-gley. Because of a whopper of an error, Wilson's petition stated the proposed new rate as 4 mills per \$1,000, meaning, for example, that the tax on a \$100,000 house would be only 40¢, rather than the \$400 that he intended.

County officials hope the mistake will work in their favor, on the somewhat shaky grounds that the absurdity of Proposition .004 will defeat it. Taxcutter Wilson, feeling a bit as though he had been put through the mill, twice asked the courts to allow people to vote on what he meant and not on what he said, and was turned down both times by judges who reasoned that the people knew what they were signing.

The election will cost \$400,000, which is more than quadruple the county's entire projected property tax revenues if the cut passes. All of which comes from making a mountain out of a whole mill.

## The Postman Rings Twice

What neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night should be able to do has now been accomplished by an oversized envelope: in Georgia, 96,000 employers tried to mail their quarterly wage and tax reports in self-addressed envelopes provided by the state labor department. Presto! The post office returned the forms to the senders and demanded 7¢ more in postage. Reason: the envelopes were larger than the 6½-in. by 11½-in. maximum set by the U.S. Postal Service on July 15.

After a flurry of irate phone calls from

employers, the department had to send a letter to all 96,000 employers telling them to tack on an extra 7¢ or cut the forms down to fit a smaller envelope. A post-office spokesman insisted that the snafu was not in vain. Said he: "It's a good way to educate the public."

## Coming Home

D.B. Benson was an illiterate private when his sergeant told him that he would never make a good soldier and should get out of the Army Air Corps. Benson took him at his word and headed for the rugged Kiamichi Mountains of his native Oklahoma. That was in 1943, and he has survived ever since on wild game, berries and occasional handouts from relatives who knew where he was hiding.

Last week, after the Army agreed to give him a formal discharge, Benson, now 57, stuck his weatherbeaten, snaggle-toothed face out of the woods for the first time in 36 years. He said that he was eager to make up for lost time. What had he missed most? Said Benson: "Fast cars and fast girls."

## Ham, Sausage—and Tears

When Mattie Schultz was caught in a San Antonio market, slipping \$15 worth of ham, sausage and butter into her purse, she had a simple explanation: "I was hungry. I was desperate." Mrs. Schultz, 91, subsists on \$233 a month, from Social Security and her late husband's military pension. She had once saved \$5,000, but all except \$10 was taken from her in 1973 by a swindler. Last month, after paying her rent and utilities, she had nothing left for food.

Out of pride, the widow has refused food stamps and welfare. So, when arrest-

ed, she was too embarrassed to give her home address. For the first time in her life she spent the night in jail. The next day she was released and the charges were dropped. Said she: "I wish God would close my eyes. I'm so tired of living."

After her story was published, people across the country sent her loaves of bread, tinned vegetables, \$2,200 in cash and more than 300 letters of sympathy. This made Mattie Schultz feel better. Said she, with tears in her eyes: "God bless all these people."

## Follow the Bouncing Check

From Missouri came a request that the sheriff in Austin, Minn., arrest Ramona Van Oster and hold her for extradition on a charge of passing a bad check. She was promptly jailed. Her alleged crime: writing a \$3.39 check on a closed bank account, which is a felony in Mis-



souri. She made the check good and the charges were dropped. The sheriff then angrily announced that he would send Missouri a bill for \$460, which was the cost of keeping her in jail five days and paying for her court-appointed lawyer. Said he: "This is one of the reasons we have some pretty difficult problems in law enforcement. It's a very shabby way of conducting business." The sheriff's name? Wayne Goodnature.

## Justice for All

The Providence *Journal-Bulletin* two years ago sued the FBI, demanding that it make public 7,000 pages of transcripts from bugs placed in the Providence office of Mafia Boss Raymond Patriarca in the 1960s. To Patriarca's dismay, a judge ruled that disclosure was warranted under the Freedom of Information Act. But last week the decision was overturned by the appeals court, which cited a law prohibiting the release of illegally obtained evidence. Said the don: "Justice always comes through."



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Guerrillas and residents of Masaya line up beneath portrait of slain freedom fighter at festival celebrating Sandinista victory

PHIL KNEELAND—CONTRAST

## World

NICARAGUA

# The Victors Organize

*And their neighbors fear that the example may be contagious*

**W**e call on you to organize, organize, organize. The more organized you are, the more difficult it will be for the counterrevolutionaries." All over newly liberated Nicaragua last week, people responded to Guerrilla Leader Humberto Ortega's appeal. From Chinandega in the north to Rivas in the south, committees led by the Sandinista National Liberation Front (F.S.L.N.) began distributing food and providing medical care for the thousands wounded in the savage civil war against exiled Dictator Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza Debayle. In Managua the junta that heads the Government of National Reconstruction ordered peasants who had occupied plantations owned by wealthy farmers to move on. The junta instructed them to join the peasant-owned agricultural collectives that will soon be established on the more than 1 million acres, roughly two-thirds of the country's best farm land, that have been expropriated from Somoza.

The junta was also trying to mop up diehard remnants of Somoza's national guard. Almost every night the sounds of gunfire shattered the stillness of Managua as Sandinista security men battled renegade guardsmen. Egged on by a Masaya mob that demanded the death of its prisoner, Sandinista troops summarily executed a 19-year-old informer who had admitted leading Somoza's assassination

squads to the hideouts of at least 20 guerrillas during the civil war. New York Democratic Congressman John Murphy, a longtime friend of Somoza's, claimed that the Sandinistas were executing "thousands" of guardsmen and their families. In fact, the 3,000 guardsmen locked up in Modelo Prison at Tipitapa, 30 miles from Managua, insist that they have been well treated. Asserted the prison's security chief, Marcio Maierna Ortiz: "We want our revolution to be an example to all of Latin America."

That was precisely what troubled the military rulers of El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras. Their leaders feared that a domino effect might engulf them in a wave of leftist insurgency inspired by the success of Nicaragua's revolt. In all three countries, leftist terrorism has been on the rise, largely because more peaceable dem-

ocratic opposition groups have been ruthlessly suppressed. Though the junta has denied any plans to "export our revolution," Defense Department and intelligence officials are urging that the U.S. resume arms shipments to the three nations, which have been cut off since the Carter Administration began its human rights campaign.

The danger of more civil war seems greatest in El Salvador, the Western Hemisphere's most densely populated country, where 5.3 million people are crowded into an area no larger than Massachusetts. The government of President Carlos Humberto Romero has been locked in combat with three well-organized bands of leftist terrorists. One such group, the Armed Forces of National Resistance, has raised \$40 million in the past two years by kidnapping foreign executives and holding them for ransom. Even more threatening from the government's standpoint is the widespread support won by the 70,000-member Popular Revolutionary Bloc, a broad-based movement that occupied the cathedral in San Salvador last May, triggering an attack by police that resulted in the deaths of 23 protesters. Assistant Secretary of State Viron Vaky, who completed a fact-finding trip to Central America last week, found that Romero had retreated into a defiant "bunker mentality" not unlike the one that



Boy with toy gun



Captured guardsmen at Modelo Prison in Tipitapa

A mood of retribution threatened a policy of mercy.





Angels at procession honoring war victims

gripped Somoza during the final days of his dying regime.

The situation is nearly as tense in Guatemala, where many people have never forgiven the U.S. for a CIA-assisted coup that ousted the leftist government of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán in 1954. Since 1966 at least 40,000 people have been murdered in clashes between the government and its critics. Since the killing of Manuel Colom Argüeta, one of the opposition's most charismatic figures, many democratic opponents of the regime of President Romeo Lucas García have thrown in their lot with Marxist guerrillas.

In Honduras the three-man military junta headed by General Policardo Paz has made a few concessions that may isolate the leftist terrorists who are trying to bring it down. The government paid no more than lip service to Somoza's plea that it crack down on Sandinista bases near the Nicaragua border. "They've made some of the right moves," says a State Department official, "but the violent opposition, which is heavily Marxist, still remains powerful."

Although they maintain friendly relations with their rebel counterparts in Central America, Nicaragua's new rulers appear too preoccupied by their internal problems to lend much assistance to their cause. They have gone so far as to ask the U.S. to supply them with modern weapons to replace the outmoded arms they used to topple Somoza's regime. Washington has pledged to give "full and thorough consideration" to that request, even though Managua has lately become a mecca for Marxist mischief makers from around the world. The Sandinistas claim that they need the arms to ward off a possible counterattack by 7,000 national guardsmen that Somoza's legendary combat leader, Commandante Bravo, claims to have standing by in Honduras. If attack materializes, Somoza is not likely to lead it. At week's end the exiled dictator was reportedly expelled from the Bahamian island of Grand Exuma, his latest port of call on a Caribbean cruise. ■

#### AFRICA

## New Hope for a Settlement

*Mrs. Thatcher finds a fresh approach for Zimbabwe-Rhodesia*

When Britain's Queen Elizabeth II arrived in Lusaka at the end of a two-week tour of Africa, she was cheered by Zambians everywhere she went as "Queenie! Queenie!" When Britain's other female leader, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, arrived in the same city for the Commonwealth Conference, she got a reception that might better have been accorded the queen of a leper colony. By week's end, however, her peers among the 41 Commonwealth leaders at the eight-day conference readily acknowledged that Mrs. Thatcher had made an important contribution toward solving an explosive issue that threatened to wreck the conference—namely, the problem of how to bring genuine majority rule to Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. After arriving in Lusaka "with two horns and a tail," as she put it, Britain's new Prime Minister had suddenly become a symbol of hope.

The breakthrough came after Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere called on Britain to take the lead in proposing a new Rhodesian constitution, calling an all-parties conference and holding new elections under Commonwealth auspices. Nyerere acknowledged that certain white minority rights should be guaranteed; but he also called for drastic revisions in the seven-month-old constitution of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, which gives whites a disproportionate share of seats in the legislature and effective control of the armed forces, police, civil service and judiciary for five years. To the surprise of many delegates present, Mrs. Thatcher matched the African proposals, declaring that Brit-

ain was determined to achieve genuine majority rule in Salisbury and would take the primary responsibility for bringing it about. In fact, she and her Cabinet colleagues had worked out the Tory government's African position before the conference began. But by publicly announcing it at the Lusaka summit, in response to African demands, she made it seem as though she had heeded Commonwealth views.

Mrs. Thatcher's success was all the more remarkable in light of the animosity that had greeted her on arrival. Zambian reporters asked her rude questions and crowds booed her. During a reception at the British High Commission in Lusaka, a group of her expatriate countrymen advised her, "Don't be bullied, Prime Minister." She replied coolly, "I am not bulliable." But she realized that her earlier comments in support of the Salisbury government of Bishop Abel Muzorewa had been ill-advised and had offended many Africans. She has since accepted the view of colleagues, including her Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, that whatever London does about Zimbabwe-Rhodesia must have broad international support, especially from African states, the U.S. and Western Europe.

The harshest reminder of black Africa's feelings about the Salisbury regime came from populous, oil-rich Nigeria. As the conference began, Lagos announced that it was nationalizing the Nigerian interests of British Petroleum. The official explanation was that BP had been selling



Elizabeth II in Lusaka for a state visit before the start of the Commonwealth Conference

"Queenie, Queenie" for her, but "two horns and a tail" for Britain's other female leader.

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## World

### Zambia: Beleaguered Host

While delegates to the Commonwealth Conference in Lusaka enjoyed the best of everything, police in Livingstone, 200 miles to the southwest, were dispersing rioting crowds with tear gas and baton charges after lines of people waiting to buy soap and cooking oil got out of hand. In Lusaka itself, laundry soap and detergents were in short supply; toilet paper and cheese were unavailable; and milk chocolate had become a rare luxury. A Lusaka car rental firm is in danger of closing because it cannot get spare parts. The nation's inflation rate is running at about 25%.

The depressed condition of the country's economy is in part a result of President Kenneth Kaunda's adherence to principles: Zambia is a front-line state in the southern Africa conflict. But the embarrassing truth is that white-ruled South Africa is now Zambia's main lifeline to the world. The red carpet used to greet VIPs at Lusaka International Airport was made in the hated land of apartheid; many of the delicacies served at the Commonwealth banquets also came from there. For Zambia, the Tazara Railway, built by the Chinese to open up a land link from Zambia through Tanzania to the Indian Ocean, is almost a write-off. The railway works, but the port of Dar es Salaam cannot cope with the tonnage of copper that Zambia would like to export by that route. The result is that to export its copper Zambia has been paying heavy transport and port costs to Tanzania. At one point, Zambia claimed that 70,000 tons of copper were waiting for shipment at Dar. Shipping delays and subsequent storage charges have seriously hurt Zambia's mining industry, which is already suffering from the effects of low copper prices. Unless it can get government-allocated foreign exchange to buy new mining equipment, the industry may suffer a loss of up to \$100 million this year.

In addition, the industry is suffering from a scarcity of white technicians. The mines need about 5,200 expatriate workers and are presently running about 1,000 short. Unfortunately, there is little inducement for whites to seek jobs in the country. While Kaunda rightly deplores the racism of his enemies to the south, whites in Lusaka are subjected to a host of snubs and hostilities.

Agriculture is in even worse shape than the mining industry. In southern Zambia, farming has been disrupted by guerrilla warfare. In the Gwembe Valley, crops are rotting in local cooperative stores because nobody wants to collect them. Most of the preindependence white farmers have left Zambia, and agricultural output has dropped accordingly. Zambia's farmers no longer grow tobacco, once a flourishing crop, nor do they produce as much corn as the country needs.

A severe drought in the past two years has made the situation even worse. If Zambia is to avoid widespread famine, it will need 300,000 tons of corn by the end of the year. Kenya has offered 100,000 tons, but this would have to be transported—inefficiently, and perhaps tardily—by road from Kenya and then along the Tazara Railway. Thus Zambia is relying on South Africa for corn and on Zimbabwe-Rhodesia to deliver the food shipments by rail.

Amid all this economic gloom, there is at least one bit of good news: the reopening of the southern rail route through Zimbabwe-Rhodesia is clearing at least 1,000 tons of Zambian copper a day. The huge stocks of copper at the mines, which earlier this year amounted to 145,000 tons, are dwindling at last. Zambia has also been helped by a firmer trend in copper prices and has hopes of increasing its earnings from cobalt. At present, Zambia produces 1,750 tons of cobalt a year, or about one-tenth of world output (excluding the Soviet Union). If all goes well, Zambia will boost its annual production to 9,500 tons by next year.

With all its troubles, the beleaguered host can ill afford to pay the lion's share of the \$20 million cost of the Commonwealth Conference. Yet if that meeting should lead to a settlement of the impasse over Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, to which so many of Zambia's problems are linked, it will be worth every penny.



President Kenneth Kaunda



Prime Minister Thatcher at the conference

*"I am not bulliable" was the reply.*

oil from the North Sea and elsewhere to South Africa, a charge that the British denied. In any case, the Nigerians acknowledged privately that the takeover was really intended to show Britain what it could expect if it recognized the Muzorewa regime in defiance of black African opinion.

Addressing her 40 male colleagues seated at the great doughnut-shaped table in Lusaka, Mrs. Thatcher spoke more softly than she usually does at Westminster. After thanking the delegates for their advice, she assured them: "The aim of the British government is to return Rhodesia to legality on a basis which the Commonwealth and the international community as a whole will find acceptable." After she concurred with Nyerere's proposals, gratified African delegates promised to try to bring the Patriotic Front into agreement with the plan.

If all goes well, the next step could be a cease-fire, followed by an all-parties constitutional conference and new elections. It was certain that the British would insist that former Prime Minister Ian Smith, now a Minister Without Portfolio in Muzorewa's government, be dropped entirely. They may also try once more to urge Joshua Nkomo, co-leader of the Patriotic Front guerrillas, to join the Salisbury regime, though Nkomo insisted at week's end that he had no intention of negotiating with the Muzorewa government and threatened to continue the fighting.

A lot will also depend on Muzorewa and his white colleagues. If the whites refuse to budge, they can block the process, at least temporarily. But if they agree to the Commonwealth proposals, and if the guerrilla leaders can be persuaded to join the negotiating process, the seemingly endless transition of Rhodesia to majority rule could be very nearly complete. ■



## World

IRAN

### A Deal with The "Orphans"

Key compromise in Kurdistan

**"A** step backward, a mess, enough to make one nauseous." So said Shahpour Bakhtiar, the Shah's last Prime Minister, at a 90-minute press conference in Paris, where he emerged from a half-year of hiding to denounce the revolutionary government that toppled him in February after barely more than a month in office. Bakhtiar, who is on the regime's wanted list of former officials charged with high crimes, accused Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini of lacking "a master idea" for Iran and predicted that the waste and corruption under the Islamic government "will surpass" anything seen in 25 years under the Shah. His aides were beginning to transmit cassette tapes back home to spread his message, as Khomeini had done so successfully. But the chances of Bakhtiar's returning to Iran, much less returning to power, seemed very slim. His following is almost entirely among the narrow Iranian middle class, which may be tired of revolution but is hardly prepared to start another in Bakhtiar's name.

Bakhtiar reappeared just three days before Iranians began electing the 73 members of a constituent assembly who are to approve a new constitution that



Kurdish demonstrators marching to Marivan  
"We want to run our own show."

Khomeini and others have drawn up as the blueprint for an Islamic republic. He said he welcomed the boycott of the election by such groups as the breakaway Democratic National Front and supporters of Kazem Shari'atmadari, a nationally popular ayatollah, but had had no advance knowledge of their intentions.

Meanwhile, the regime at least temporarily defused a dangerous dispute with rebellious tribes in the western province of Kurdistan. The country's 4 million Kurds (out of a total population of 36 million) have long been agitating for more autonomy, since the revolution their demands have accelerated, causing friction with the Tehran government and occasional bloody clashes with its forces, most recently in the town of Marivan. TIME's Tehran bureau chief, Bruce van Voorst, visited Kurdistan and filed this report:

**T**he late afternoon sun still seared the dusty streets of Marivan, a scramble of mud and stucco houses on a mountain slope near the Iraq border, as "solidarity" marchers arrived from Sanandaj, the Kurds' provincial capital (pop. 150,000). The more than 2,000 men, women and children had walked the 90 miles of gravel roadway from Sanandaj in four torturous days just to see they could, as one of them bluntly put it, "tell the Tehran government to go to hell."

The troubles in Marivan had begun two weeks before, when a force of Islamic revolutionary militiamen called Pasdaran moved in to reimpose the government's authority on the town, which had insisted on running its own affairs. After clashes that took the lives of 13 militiamen and twelve Kurds, Marivan's 10,000 residents left for fear of government reprisals, and many set up camp in the nearby forest. When the army then dispatched a convoy including a dozen American-made M-47 tanks to reinforce the militiamen, men and women from the neighboring town of Kamyaran lay down on the main thoroughfare with their children to stop the vehicles. "If there's going to be bloodshed," one villager said, "it might as well be here as in Marivan."

The Kurds felt betrayed by the revolution and the government of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan. They are especially enraged by the Pasdaran, who they say treat them "like a conquered province." Kurdish expectations are articulated in the platform of the Kurdish Democratic Party, which calls for locally elected city and provincial councils with responsibility for police courts and tax collecting.

"Fundamentally, we accept the role of the central government in foreign and defense policy," says Sheikh Ezzedin Hosseini, a Kurdish spiritual leader. "But beyond that, we want to run our own show." Hosseini, like almost every other Kurdish leader, rejects separatism, if only because a cutoff from the oil-funded Iranian national budget would be disastrous.

### "There Will Be an Explosion"

Iran's self-exiled former Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar talked with TIME Correspondent Sandra Burton in Paris last week about his country's present and future. Among Bakhtiar's views:

**On the boycott of last week's election.** It is extremely useful that the democratic groups—the *petite bourgeoisie*, the liberals, the center-left organizations and some religious leaders—stayed out. It shows that an important part of the intelligentsia and even the clergy do not approve of this system of government. People just realized that it is useless to vote because, absolutely beyond doubt, the results could be known before the election.

**On what voters should be offered.** A referendum [should be held] that would allow them to choose between a constitutional monarchy and a republic—not an Islamic republic, but a republic as defined by the present constitution.

**On the present government.** The country is disintegrating.



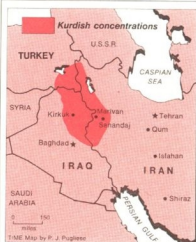
Bakhtiar

It is on the edge of economic catastrophe. It is necessary that the Ayatollah Khomeini open his eyes and see that he has been mistaken, that he has arrived at an impasse. He is blocked on absolutely every route, but he is a man who cannot change his mind, and he has no conception of modern economics and politics. Nothing will change him. If he does change his mind, he will be unable to govern any more. But if he does not, he will not be able to do anything either. He is at an impasse, so I think that, alas, there will be an explosion.

**On whether a violent confrontation can be prevented.** It is necessary to wait some months longer to see if Khomeini can be led to understand that he can do nothing.

**On who will be Tehran's next leader.** When the country is not as crippled as it is now on the economic and social levels, there will be someone who will move. I don't know who it will be, but there will be someone.





The late Kurdish leader General Mulla Mustafa Barzani once called the Kurds "the orphans of the universe," because they have never had a national homeland of their own. A handsome, high-spirited people, with dark, flashing eyes and chiseled features, they belong to the Sunni sect of Islam whereas most Iranians are Shi'ite Muslims. The trials of farming craggy mountainsides, where the summer temperatures soar above 100° and winter blizzards last for weeks at a time, have made the Kurds tough and independent. It is not unusual to see a Kurdish woman dressed in an elaborately embroidered homespun costume going about her chores with a child on one hip and a Kalashnikov rifle on the other. "We've got the will to fight," says one woman, patting her weapon affectionately, "and the means." The men are walking arsenals, with guns and cartridge belts at their hips and hand grenades dangling in leather pouches at their sides. Tucked away in the hills and valleys is heavier equipment, including machine guns, antitank weapons and artillery.

**A**t week's end the government and Kurdish representatives had worked out an agreement in principle. In a formula that is likely to be followed in other Kurdish towns, the local provisional council in Marivan would be permitted to decide local matters. The hated Pasdaran were to be withdrawn, and the regular army would assume control until a local police force could be established.

"We could have blasted our way through at any stage," said Defense Minister Raqi Riahi, "but we didn't. We support the Kurds' demands for running their own affairs and for being consulted when troops are assigned to the area." A Marivan resident concurred: "We respect the army's need to maintain security. We just want to be involved."

For the same reason, the Kurdish party, unlike some other groups, refused to boycott the constituent assembly election and even nominated three candidates of its own. Says a Kurdish lawyer: "We want to be inside the tent."

MIDDLE EAST

## Semaphoring with the P.L.O.

*After years of belligerence, considering an alternative*

**T**he Middle East political landscape seemed filled last week with what the diplomats call signals, and almost all of them involved the Palestine Liberation Organization. Even as the Administration was busy protesting that President Carter had been misinterpreted in his analogy comparing the Palestinian cause with the U.S. civil rights movement, Washington was actively reviewing U.S. posture toward Yasser Arafat's P.L.O.

One indication of Washington's renewed interest in the P.L.O. came early last week, when a debate in the United Nations Security Council on Palestinian rights was abruptly postponed, at the U.S.'s request, until Aug. 23. For one thing, the Administration did not want that debate to be clouded by its current squabble with the Israelis over their opposition to a U.S. plan to replace the 4,000-man armed U.N. Emergency Force in the Sinai with a much smaller number of unarmed truce observers. More important, Washington wanted to buy time for private bargaining over the diplomatic language to be used in a possible new U.N. resolution on the Middle East.

The Kuwaitis, with U.S. encouragement, are trying to find a new formula that would both reaffirm the U.N.'s landmark Resolution 242 of 1967, which implicitly affirms Israel's right to exist, and in addition endorse the Palestinians' legitimate political rights. The Arabs, and the Administration as well, hope that such a formulation might at last allow the P.L.O. to at least tacitly recognize Israel as a bona fide state. This in turn would enable Washington to drop its longstanding boycott of the P.L.O. and open a direct dialogue with it. The Administration's first goal then, would be to bring Palestinians, perhaps even some P.L.O. officials, into the talks between the Israelis and the Egyptians on the future of the West Bank and Gaza. This would greatly help Washington's effort to prove to skeptical Arab governments that the Egyptian-Israeli agreement can indeed lead to a comprehensive Middle East peace deal.

Washington's hopes have been nourished by indications that the P.L.O. may be in the process of scrapping its strategy of perpetual war against Israel. In the view of U.S. analysts, the P.L.O. has been hurt badly by the "hunt and destroy" raids that the Israelis have launched into southern Lebanon since April. The P.L.O. is also disturbed by the degree to which Arab allies like Syria and Iraq have been preoccupied with their own problems. Moreover, Arafat is thought to have been persuaded that continued Palestinian violence only reinforces Israeli Premier Menachem Begin's contention that the P.L.O. is just a gang of "terrorists" that "no decent government" should talk to.

The P.L.O. has begun a new diplo-

matic drive stressing moderation. Arafat went to Vienna last month for meetings with Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky and former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt. Even if the P.L.O. were to recognize Israel's right to exist, however, Jerusalem would not accept the P.L.O. as the legitimate bargaining agent for the Palestinians. Begin, who was released from his hospital bed last week after treatment for a blood clot that has impaired his vision somewhat, is certain to rebel at any U.S. attempt to dignify the P.L.O. and bring it into the West Bank negotiations. Says one senior Israeli Foreign Ministry official bluntly: "The problem facing Americans is how to involve the Palestinians in the autonomy talks without losing Israel as a participant."



**Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat**

*Taps can be as easily turned off as on.*

But Washington has other pressures to consider. The Administration knows full well that Saudi Arabia's decision in July to ease the Western oil squeeze by increasing its production by a million barrels a day for a period of three months was not just gratuitous generosity. It was also aimed at spurring U.S. action on the Palestinian question. In fact, Time has learned that Saudi Crown Prince Fahd himself has played a key role in coaxing Arafat toward moderation. When Fahd got Arafat's consent, he gave the O.K. for increased oil production. Acutely aware that taps can be as easily turned off as on, the Administration fears that if the U.S. does not grasp the opportunity to engage the Palestinians in the peace process now, it could face serious cutbacks in Arab oil supplies in the fall.

## World

### REFUGEES

# More Trials for the Boat People

*Red tape is scuttling their hopes for resettlement*

In spite of the worldwide crescendo of concern for them, Indochina's refugees remain the victims of acts of God and man. Though President Carter dispatched a five-ship Seventh Fleet task force to pick up whatever boat people it could find, the Navy rescue mission was temporarily halted after twelve days, when the 150 m.p.h. winds of Typhoon Hope whipped the South China Sea into a cauldron of death. Some 443 Vietnamese aboard three junks barely made it to Hong Kong after being pushed back to sea from Macao by Portuguese officials the day before the storm hit.

They were among the fortunate; an estimated 300,000 refugees have drowned since 1975 because passing ships refused to help them or Asian governments denied them haven. Such deaths may now decline, however, if only because the number of people fleeing Viet Nam, whose inhumane policies have generated the bulk of the boat people, has dropped sharply. The flow of refugees from Viet Nam declined from 110,000 during May and June to an estimated 22,000 in July, apparently as one result of last month's U.N.-sponsored 65-country conference on refugees in Geneva. There, Hanoi officials pledged to slow the exodus from Viet Nam, which in four years has consisted of 550,000 ethnic Chinese, who are being forced out because they are a hated minority, and 350,000 Vietnamese who do not want to live under Communist rule. Ironically, however, the curb on the exodus will only increase the misery of the many people who wish to leave but now cannot. To cut the refugee flow, the Vietnamese have stepped up police patrols along their coasts, and some Western representatives at Geneva now fear that Hanoi is violating some of the same human rights that the conference was convened to protect.

So far, the slowdown has been applauded mainly by Southeast Asian states that have had to house a refugee population that now totals 380,000. Indeed, most of the boat people rescued by the Seventh Fleet and ships of other countries in the past two weeks had not come directly from Viet Nam; they had previously landed safely in Malaysia, only to be towed out to sea again by the Malaysian navy. As for the refugees already in camps, their plight has not improved much, despite the promises of the Geneva participants to provide \$190 million in additional aid. In fact, bureaucratic delays threaten to thwart many of the

good intentions announced in Geneva.

In Hong Kong, for instance, where the population resents the aid given Vietnamese, the local office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) found itself so short of funds last week that it decided to cut off the \$1.20 daily food allowance provided for 17,000 Vietnamese refugees in the colony who are unemployed but capable of working. Of the 8,200 refugees who have found work in Hong Kong's factories, many are



Escapee from Viet Nam boarding U.S. Navy ship last week  
Among the fortunate: 443 survivors of Typhoon Hope.

paid \$4.20 for an eight-hour day, or about half of what local employees earn.

Though many Western countries pledged at Geneva to raise their refugee immigration quotas, nothing has yet been done to shorten the shocking delays involved in resettling the homeless who are languishing in camps in Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand and Hong Kong. In Bangkok, where the U.N. maintains a 15-story skyscraper, the UNHCR has only 48 full-time employees to deal with a refugee population currently totaling 175,000. At the country's 16 refugee camps, a swamped staff of just twelve field workers is assigned to monitor aid and assist in resettlement. At least 40,000 of the inhabitants have

been in the camps for three years or more because they do not qualify for resettlement; usually, that means they do not have a "prior link" with a resettlement country, such as having relatives there. The despair among the non-qualifiers can run deep. At one Thai camp two weeks ago, seven members of a Laotian hill tribe attempted suicide by jumping into a river because they had no resettlement prospects and feared they would be sent back home; four drowned.

Though the U.S., which will take 168,000 refugees over the next twelve months, has by far the largest quota (next biggest: Canada, which has pledged to accept 50,000 by the end of 1980), it also has one of the most time-consuming screening procedures. A family eligible for immigration typically must wait 14 to 16 months while its members are subjected to a series of four widely separated interviews by different organizations, all covering the same ground. Refugees with communicable diseases like tuberculosis may be delayed indefinitely. By the time a refugee is on a U.S.-bound plane, says an American refugee worker in Thailand, "he or she has earned a Ph.D. in waiting."

The processing problem is just as bad in Hong Kong. More than half the 67,000 refugees there have not even been interviewed by the understaffed local UNHCR office. Vietnamese in the U.S. and Europe seeking relatives in the British colony are hampered by the fact that Hong Kong immigration officials inexplicably make a practice of registering refugees by number rather than by name. Even after a refugee is finally located and sponsored by a relative or a refugee agency in the U.S., he can wait for weeks for a medical checkup. Since the U.S. has failed to dispatch a team of public health physicians, refugees have to be examined by local doctors who must work them into their crowded appointment schedules.

Inevitably, the refugees pay in shattered hopes for the administrative confusion and excessive red tape. When vacancies appear in a country's quota, refugees are ordered to go, even if the country is Norway and their relatives are in Arizona. Says Hong Kong's UNHCR Director Angelo Rasanayagam: "We take the necessary measures to those who refuse an offer. We explain the realities. We disabuse them of their illusions." Explains one volunteer caseworker who quit a Hong Kong refugee program in disgust: "Those who refuse are told they'll go to the bottom of the list or be sent back to Viet Nam. If these people were really numbers the job wouldn't be so hard. But they're human, and everyone wants to go to America."

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## World

FRANCE

# A New Right Raises Its Voice

*Science and paganism at the service of a reactionary doctrine*

"The right governs, the left thinks," says a familiar French dictum. No longer. A vigorous group of right-wing thinkers is now challenging the left's longstanding intellectual hegemony, proclaiming ominous theories on race, genetics and inequality rarely heard since the dark days of the Third Reich. The rise of this bold "New Right" has ignited the liveliest political debate in France since the advent of the New Philosophers, a group of disillusioned leftists who launched a blistering attack on Marxist dogma two years ago. The basic premise of the New Right

of elitist education that would involve the early selection of children with high IQs for special training.

Equally hostile to capitalism, Marxism and the Judeo-Christian tradition, New Righters look fondly back to pagan and Indo-European cultures for alternative social models. Explaining paganism's curious fascination for them, New Right Journalist Louis Pauwels says, "We do not wish to burn Bibles or churches, but their message is only part of the European tradition." Just as important, says Pauwels, are "the mores of the ancient pagan cultures and heroes like Prometheus and Faust, who show that man is made to conquer the world."

Like many leftist groups, the New Right traces its origin to the turbulent events of May 1968. In reaction to that upheaval of the left, Benoist and a number of similar-minded rightists organized a counterrevolutionary society called GRECE (a French acronym for Research and Study Group on European Civilization). The organization sponsored publications and seminars on such topics as racism, eugenics and Nietzschean ethics. Some GRECE members also showed an unsettling predilection for neofascist ritual, beginning their closed meetings with the salute "Soleil, race!" (Sun, race!) and writing letters to one another in brown ink. In 1974 GRECE Member Yvan Blot, together with fellow students at the École Nationale d'Administration, formed the *Club de l'Horloge* (Clock Club), a lobby group that promotes many of the same issues.

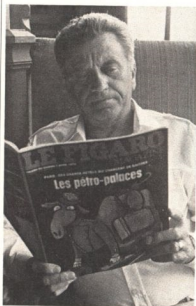
Last year the views of these groups found a major outlet in *Le Figaro* magazine. This new weekend supplement to the influential Parisian daily is owned by Press Lord Robert Hersant, a former Nazi collaborator, and edited by Pauwels. A popular author of futuristic books, Pauwels was captivated by Benoist's elitist philosophy and made him the magazine's culture editor. With 85,000 readers at its disposal, the New Right suddenly emerged from relative obscurity and achieved national notoriety.

Since then, the leftist press has angrily denounced the New Righters as fascists. Prominent members of the political coalition headed by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing called a press conference to disassociate their parties from this "current of elitist and pagan thought as old as history." The traditional French right—largely Roman Catholic—is equally appalled by the New Right's avowed atheism and its advocacy of abortion.

Both Pauwels and Benoist insist that theirs is a cultural movement and disclaim any intention of engaging in political activism. Some New Righters and

sympathizers have nevertheless managed to exert political influence within the governing majority. A number of Clock Club members now hold positions in the administration. Club President Blot, 31, is a high-ranking official in the neo-Gaullist party, the *Rassemblement pour la République*. Former Interior Minister Michel Poniatowski, a close friend and confidant of Giscard's, was assisted by New Right intellectuals in writing his recent book, *The Future Is Written Nowhere*, dealing with such subjects as Indo-European culture and hereditary intelligence.

Some intellectuals fear that the mere introduction of New Right ideology into the popular press might one day lead to an uncritical acceptance of its dangerous doctrines. Says Historian René Rémond: "There is no real separation between cul-



**Figaro Magazine Editor Louis Pauwels**

*Man is made to conquer the world.*

philosophy is a rejection of Rousseauist egalitarianism and the democratic ideals that follow from it. Writes Philosophier Alain de Benoist, 35, a founder and leading spokesman of the movement: "The enemy is not 'the left' or 'Communism' or 'subversion' but this egalitarian ideology whose formulas... have flourished for 2,000 years." New Right partisans hold that individuals and races are divided by insurmountable barriers of hereditary inequality; in support of this view, they cite the much debated research by such American scientists as Arthur Jensen, William Shockley and Edward O. Wilson. France's New Righters thus call for a "meritocratic" society in which the ablest and most intelligent would rule. As practical steps toward this goal, they suggest a variety of programs ranging from abortion and genetic control to a new kind



**Philosopher Alain de Benoist**

*Egalitarianism is the enemy.*

ture and politics. The inevitable logic of New Right thinking has political consequences." Author Jean-Marie Benoist (no relation to Alain) is concerned because "the New Right is trying to insert itself in all areas of society, and it has chosen cultural power to begin with."

With only 5,000 or so active adherents, the New Right will probably remain a marginal political and intellectual force in a nation whose adherence to democratic principles has weathered far more formidable storms since 1789. Says Oxford Professor Theodore Zeldin, an authority on contemporary France: "It is not a political movement of any importance. The French are groping to discover what it means to have a modern civilization. The provocative efforts of the New Right show how difficult it is for French intellectuals to get out of their old ruts."



## Economy & Business

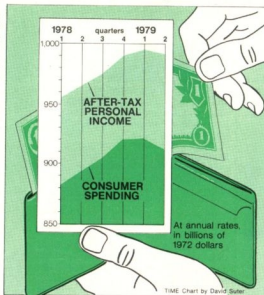
# The Harder They Fall

*The recession stands to be deeper and longer than advertised*

**T**he most anticipated recession in history has arrived earlier and with a more forceful jolt than expected. Instead of the gradual slide that economists were predicting would begin in midsummer or early fall, the second-quarter gross national product fell at a substantial annual rate of 3.3%. Most forecasters had anticipated that the downturn at worst would bring a decline of 2% or so. In a confidential revised forecast last week, some top governmental economists conceded that the slump will be worse than anticipated this year and will be followed by an "anemic" recovery in 1980.

They now predict that unemployment will rise to 8.2% by the fall of 1980—just in time for the presidential elections. That is well above the 6.9% rate predicted by the White House last month. Real G.N.P. is expected to drop 1.4% this year. Because the recession will hang on through next spring instead of ending late in 1979 or very early in 1980, real growth next year will be no higher than 1.1%, instead of the 2% forecast earlier. Finally, inflation will continue to rage at 11% through the end of the year and average close to 9% next year.

Most nongovernmental experts agree, but practically none foresee a downturn as severe as the 1974-75 recession. In their view, the sharp rise in oil prices by OPEC significantly aggravated and speeded the onset of a recession that was inevitable. Soaring oil costs not only boost inflation but also act as a direct tax on U.S. con-



sumers, draining buying power from the domestic economy.

Says Otto Eckstein, a member of the TIME Board of Economists: "Most of the second-quarter drop can be traced to the disruption of auto and truck sales and the scarcity of gasoline that kept many shoppers out of the stores. Yet there is no reason to look for an especially deep recession in the year ahead." Less optimistic is Robert Nathan, another member of the TIME board. He foresees a slump that could last six quarters and a jobless rate that could hit close to 9%.

The chief cause of the decline is the collapse in consumer spending. In the second quarter, retail sales, discounted for inflation, fell 1%, the first real decline since 1974. Consumers cannot spend big because personal income has fallen behind the pace of inflation for five of the past six months. In addition, consumer confidence has been badly eroded.

Across the country, many stores are holding heavily promoted early summer sales to lure economy-minded customers. Some Chicago stores, for example, are marking down lawn furniture, usually a brisk seller at this time of year, by 30% to 40%. Worried retailers are either cutting or holding back on fall orders.

The industry most severely dented by the oil run-up is auto manufacturing. Unable to change its production mix fast enough to catch up with the rush to small models, Detroit wound up July with 2.1 million unsold cars, mainly gas guzzlers. Based on current sales rates, that adds up to an 80-day supply in inventory, vs. a 66-day backlog a year ago. Two weeks ago, General Motors, in its first major cutback since 1976, reduced production schedules for 1980 cars, and announced layoffs of 12,630 employees. That brings to more than 45,000 the number of auto workers let go in recent months.\*

\*Supplemental benefits are paid to all U.A.W. workers with at least a year on the job and when added to governmental jobless benefits add up to about 95% of the workers' take-home pay.

Lining up at a Detroit unemployment compensation office, the large majority of claimants are newly laid-off auto workers

JAMES CLARK





Though this is bad enough, it is nothing like the layoffs in the last recession, when at one point 212,000 workers were idled.

Another sign that the recession is well under way is the 3.8% drop in productivity—output per worked hour—in the second quarter. It was the steepest drop since the first quarter of 1974. In any downturn, productivity is one of the first measures to slip because businesses have not yet reduced their work force to match their reduced output. Unemployment in July, for example, rose only 1%, to 5.7%. Falling productivity also fans inflation, because it increases labor costs, which are often passed on to the buyer in the form of higher prices.

The one bright spot is business spending for new plant and equipment, which could cushion the slump. Plummeting truck sales caused capital spending to decline about 1% in the second quarter, but in June capital goods orders surged 5.7%, and are expected to run far ahead of the economy in general. Businessmen have to spend partly because the U.S. has lost much of its competitive edge against the rest of the world. The U.S. will have to invest heavily to develop energy, expand mass transit, create fuel-efficient cars and modernize aged steel mills, rubber plants and other basic industries. As one White House economist put it, "We consider this a consumer recession. All our surveys of intent show that business investment is likely to continue."

Despite the recession, the Administration's chief goal continues to be licking inflation, now running at 13.2%. That determination was echoed last week by Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who plans to take a tough stand on monetary policy to restrain prices. Said he: "I don't want interest rates any higher than they have to be. Unfortunately, I don't know of any way of keeping interest rates as low as they used to be." Some money men believe that the prime lending rate by autumn will rise from 11½% to a record 12½%, a level that would probably dampen inflation but further weaken the prospects for an early recovery.

Yet for all the emphasis on inflation fighting, there is a growing feeling in Washington that a tax cut of between \$20 billion and \$30 billion may be enacted this year to take effect Jan. 1. Proponents argue that the cut would only restore buying power diminished by the foreign oil price increases. President Carter has told Senator Lloyd Bentsen, chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, that such a cut is a possibility. White House economists have floated the idea of a \$25 billion reduction, \$5 billion going in investment incentives to business and \$20 million in lower Social Security payroll taxes for employers and workers. Republican legislators are driving for significant income tax reductions.

Whatever happens, the nation's economic policymakers will continue to be torn between easing monetary and fiscal policy to fight recession and tightening



**Paul Volcker testifying before Congress**  
*Cures cause other ailments.*

up to combat inflation and bolster the dollar abroad. For them, and for millions of other Americans who will be hit by the downturn, the months ahead will be hard and stressful.

## Chrysler's Cry

*Can you spare a billion?*

Congressional sources say that Chrysler Corp. representatives have warned them that unless financial aid comes forth by the end of the year, the stricken automaker may have to close its doors. Two months ago, Chairman John Riccardo was telling legislators that the company would need some federal assistance by early next year, but last week's long awaited announcement of the company's \$207 million second-quarter loss has compressed that timetable. A shutdown of the nation's tenth largest manufacturer (1978 sales: \$13.6 billion) and sizable defense contractor (\$625 million in 1978) would have far-reaching consequences. It would leave the U.S. auto industry basically in the hands of General Motors and Ford, throw 130,000 employees in seven states out of work, and affect about 400,000 people employed by Chrysler's suppliers and dealers.

Unprepared for the double whammy on auto sales caused by gasoline shortages and recession, Chrysler is stuck with the highest inventory of the Big Three. In all, 80,000 cars and trucks, about a 95-day dealer supply, are lined up outside plants in rows resembling Flanders Field. President Lee Iacocca, who will become Chrysler chief executive by year's end, made an unprecedented appearance at the United Auto Workers' bargaining ta-

ble last Friday to ask the union to accept a two-year wage and benefit freeze.

Cannily laying the blame for Chrysler's bloodletting on federal safety, mileage and emission regulations, Chairman Riccardo is asking Congress for \$1 billion in tax refunds, exactly the amount that meeting Government standards will cost the company between now and the fall of 1980. By then Iacocca will produce those front-wheel drive Mustangs-in-Chrysler-clothing that are supposed to restore the company's competitive edge.

There are strong arguments against giving Chrysler the cash. Opponents cite the British experience of never-ending subsidies to sick companies and its disastrous effect on the taxpayers. G.M. Chairman Thomas A. Murphy argues that federal aid insulates companies from the effects of competition in the marketplace, perpetuates inefficiency and creates unfairness. There is no precedent for what Chrysler wants. In 1971 Lockheed was rescued with a federal loan guarantee for \$250 million of its private debt. But that cost the taxpayers nothing, and by the time the Lockheed loans were paid off in 1977, the Government made a profit of \$31 million in fees. Penn Central's plea for a handout in 1970 was ignored, and the Government stood by while the company went bankrupt.

Still, Congress seems to favor doing something for Chrysler, although \$1 billion in tax refunds is distasteful to legislators who yearn to narrow the federal deficit. They may move instead for a loan guarantee. Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long has pledged some aid for Chrysler. Says he: "It is better than letting the company fold. That would cost a lot of revenue and jobs." House Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman is unenthusiastic but promises to expedite whatever bailout measures the Carter Administration proposes.



**Lee Iacocca at company meeting**  
*A choice between bailout or bankruptcy.*

## Denver's Mile-High Energy Boom

*Drilling and digging make it the Big D of the West*

In the fast-changing, opportunity-laden 1980s, the energy shortage will bring an economic surge to resource-rich regions. No place has the pace of exploration and the intensity of development to match the Rocky Mountain region that embraces Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana. Locked in the area's majestic peaks and prairies are the nation's most lavish supplies of undeveloped coal, oil, natural gas, shale oil, uranium and almost everything else that creates power.

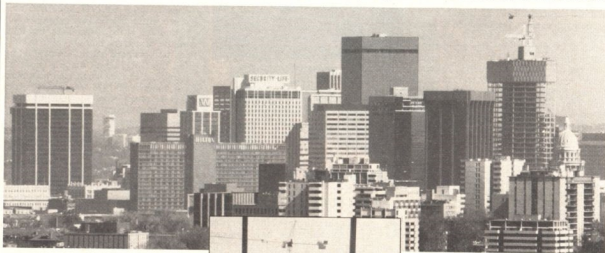
The hub is Denver, a city caught up in a runaway boom caused by the sudden in-

dard Oil Co. of California. Newcomers have swelled the population of the metropolitan area from 1.2 million in 1970 to 1.6 million today—including 4,000 geologists. One of the nation's fastest-growing cities, Denver has begun to rival Houston for the title of "Energy Capital, U.S.A."

Proclaiming the city's energy eminence are the names over the doors of its new office towers: Energy Center I, the Petroleum Building and Anaconda Tower (the old copper mining company, now owned by Atlantic Richfield oil, is big in

largest independent oil exploration and production companies. Lewis began as a consultant eleven years ago, and today he holds an interest in 11,000 wells in 21 states. Sitting amid the chrome and crushed velvet of Denver's Petroleum Club, Lewis gestures toward the Rocky Mountains still glazed with snow and exults: "This is today's big oil frontier. It is the most exciting thing in America's energy equation since the North Slope of Alaska."

Like Lewis, countless other managers and entrepreneurs are coming to Denver to live amid its comfort and culture while their hired roughnecks and miners squeeze the energy from the rural outposts. Colorado, Montana, Utah and Wyoming contain 48% of the nation's proven coal reserves, 15% of its oil and 10%



flux of energy corporations. Denver's growth, writes TIME Correspondent William Blaylock, is changing the face of the mile-high city, the region and the lives of its residents at a dizzying rate that pleases many but worries some. Blaylock's report:

**V**iolent volcanic eruptions shaped the lofty Rockies near by, and today Denver is once again thrusting skyward. This time the earth shakes with 45-ton drilling cranes and six-cylinder Cat loaders constructing skyscrapers of polished granite, cold steel and gleaming glass. As the world price of oil rockets, energy firms are converging on Denver to exploit the surrounding area's resources. With the Administration's proposal to pour out billions in Government money to create synthetic fuel industries, the rush stands to become a stampede. Even if Congress allocates only a fraction of the subsidies that Jimmy Carter calls for, Denver could benefit largely.

Already more than 2,000 energy-related companies have set up shop in the city. They range from one-man operations selling drilling-survey data to such giant conglomerates as Gulf, Texaco and Stan-



City's burgeoning skyline; diners in the Petroleum Club atop Anaconda Tower

uranium). Construction of a 36-story Amoco Tower and a 23-story Energy Plaza will be completed next year. In all, 27 major office buildings are now going up. Work on two dozen more office complexes will begin in 1980. All this has transformed the once unimpressive skyline of Denver.

Typical of the aggressive, independent energy gamblers who are settling in Denver is Jerome Lewis, president of Petro-Lewis Corp., one of the country's 15

of its natural gas. Many geologists believe that these estimates substantially understate the area's true energy wealth. Rising prices make it worthwhile for oilmen to drill into sites that previously were considered too risky or too costly to develop. Some experts figure that new oil finds in the four-state region could add about 50% to the nation's 29 billion bbl. of "proven" reserves and 40% to the 212 trillion cu. ft. of natural gas.

A most exciting strike was made in 1975 when a drilling crew hit oil and gas deep in northern Utah's Pinedrive Field in what is known as the "Overthrust Belt." A giant geologic knot that twists from southern Colorado to the Canadian border, the belt was not considered worth serious exploration at previous prices because of the tough and expensive drilling conditions. Pools of oil and gas are randomly located and perched on top of one another, and such formations make traditional exploration and analysis difficult, if not impossible. Says A.B. ("Pete") Slaybaugh, chief of Continental Oil's exploration team in the area: "Frequently we find ourselves drilling through more than one layer of soil, shale and rock, only to



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THE HISTORY OF THE VICTORIES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

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THE POEMS OF P.B. SHELLEY

THE HISTORY OF THE VICTORIES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE HISTORY OF THE VICTORIES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



The image shows a collection of books on a shelf. The books are arranged in two rows. The top row, from left to right, includes: a book with a red cover and gold lettering; 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' by Thomas Hardy; 'Bend Sinister' by Walter Duranty; and 'The Prairie' by John F. Kennedy. The bottom row, from left to right, includes: 'Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll' by Robert Louis Stevenson; 'The Herring Book of Ballads' by John F. Kennedy; 'The African and the Ganges' by John F. Kennedy; and 'The Jungle Book' by Rudyard Kipling.

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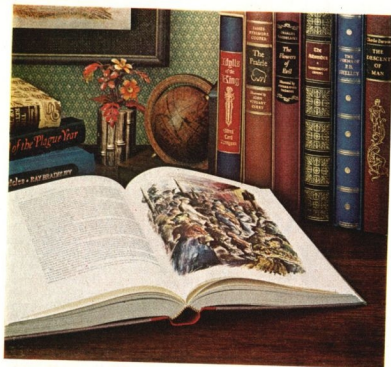
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## Economy & Business

find another layer of the same. With a normal well there is usually only one layer. Mother Nature didn't do us any favors." Adds James Vanderbeek, who heads the team from Amoco, which plans to spend \$61 million next year in search and development in the area: "It's costing us up to \$5 million to drill a single hole, twice that of a conventional well."

America's oil shale, which is estimated to contain about 75 billion bbl. of recoverable crude, is also concentrated in the region. Elaborate pilot projects to get the oil are planned by Occidental Petroleum in western Colorado and Union Oil in southeastern Wyoming. The investment would be hefty—\$120 million for Union's 20,000-acre test site designed to produce 9,000 bbl. daily—but there is a strong chance that Congress will approve a \$3 tax credit for each barrel produced.

**C**oal mining is also picking up in the prairies sloping east of the Rockies. Wyoming's Powder River Basin, a huge treeless ellipse that runs from Casper north to Sheridan, contains an estimated 400 billion metric tons of coal—enough to provide the entire U.S. electricity needs for the next 250 years.

At Atlantic Richfield's new Black Thunder mine, twelve miles southeast of the windy, pastel-painted trailer town of Wright, mining cranes seven stories tall are equipped with dinosaur-size shovels that claw seams of coal 70-ft. thick from the sandy soil. Not only is surface mining here cheaper than traditional underground mining in the rugged Appalachians, but also the coal spews fewer sulfur pollutants when burned. Overlooking the vast canyon of coal sparkling in the afternoon sun, Bob Blanchard, production manager at Black Thunder, predicts, "We'll be kicking out 5 million tons of coal this year." By 1983 that figure is planned to hit 20 million tons, making Black Thunder the world's largest coal mine.

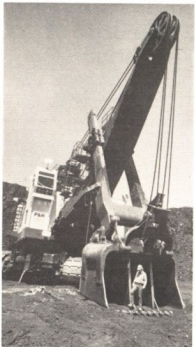
The size of such projects poses problems, notably the need to expand existing rail facilities to deliver the coal. Denver is the region's rail center, and it expects to be hard put to handle the growth in train shipments, which could jump ten times in the next five years. Area residents living near rail lines complain that coal trains, many of them 110 cars long, are disrupting traffic and hurting business. In Littleton, a suburb ten miles south of Denver, the main street is closed to traffic for up to five hours a day to allow coal trains to pass. Complains City Manager Gale Christie: "What's worse, it's getting worse."

Proposals for alternative means of transporting coal have been rejected so far. Last month Wyoming Governor Ed Herschler refused to bend state environmental laws to permit construction of a \$1.8 billion slurry pipeline designed to move coal from Wyoming mines to Houston power plants. State officials estimated that every million tons of coal shipped by

slurry would deplete the area's limited water supply by as much as 260 million gal. Throughout the region, bitter battles will pit job-creating energy developers against preservation-minded environmentalists. The fights will be intense because the need for pure and plentiful water, clean air and unscarred land has always ranked high on the West's list of priorities.

All the benefits and all the disabilities of growth will affect Denver. As its population increases, housing costs are soaring. Typically, a three-bedroom house that sold six years ago for \$35,000 today fetches \$105,000. Says Real Estate Salesman George G. Martin: "Around here owners don't shoot for 100% of the asking price, they shoot for 110%."

Denver already has more car owners per inhabitant than any other U.S. city, and auto congestion is a thickening prob-



**Huge shovel for strip mining in Wyoming**

*Bitter environmental battles are brewing.*

lem. Because its mile-high air contains less oxygen, its cars exhaust twice as much carbon monoxide as autos in lower-lying cities. In the winter, temperature inversions create a "brown cloud" that hangs over the Denver basin and across the front range.

Denver and its region have had mining booms before, only to slump after the gold, silver and other ores gave out. So there is rising public pressure for the new development to be measured and well planned. In sum, Denver is a city on the move, but some of the movement will have to be closely controlled by local officials. Still, no metropolis in the nation offers more opportunity in the 1980s. ■

## Rip-Off Time Once Again

*Here comes OPEC, ahead of schedule*

**N**ow that those mile-long gasoline lines are evaporating and Government officials are cautiously speculating that there may be enough heating oil to go around next winter, is the petro-squeeze of 1979 coming to an end? Not if OPEC can help it. To keep the market squeaky tight and prices high, a growing number of oil-producing states are either cutting back on exports or threatening to do so. They are also demanding more money for their already overpriced product.

A main reason is the renewed weakness of the dollar. At the cartel's June meeting, which lifted average crude costs by 42%, to about \$20 per bbl., even so-called moderate members warned that a 5% drop in the dollar's value could easily provoke another round of increases. In the past month the greenback has slumped by almost that much against strong foreign currencies, and several OPEC states are calling for an emergency meeting on prices as early as September in Vienna—well ahead of the next officially scheduled conference in December.

Some members are beginning to take price-boosting actions on their own. Last week Nigeria announced plans for a 10% cutback in the production of its much prized low-sulfur crude. Algeria threatened an even larger 20% cut of its own, and Kuwait indicated that it intended to reduce output by as much as 25% early next year.

**T**he total of all the cutbacks would reach some 1 million bbl. daily. That is precisely the amount by which Saudi Arabia last month boosted its own production in an effort to stabilize prices. The reductions would give a renewed upward push to prices worldwide, notably on the all-important spot market. That is a loose telephone network of traders who buy and sell the small amounts of crude that are not locked up under long-term contracts. Since the transactions reflect the real price that buyers are willing to pay, the deals are closely watched by OPEC members for signs that the cartel's long-term prices could be increased. Spot prices have eased from a peak of \$42 per bbl. in late May to about \$30 to \$32 per bbl., but fears of production cuts have stopped the slide.

The Nigerian and Algerian governments argue that the cuts are for purely technical reasons, to prevent the damage to their oilfields that would result if they continued indefinitely pumping out crude at recent rapid rates. Nigeria's claim may be partly justified, but Western oilmen charge that Algeria's alleged cutback is nothing more than a sleight of hand. Algeria is secretly selling the oil for top dol-

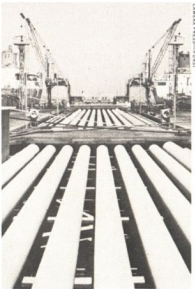
## Economy & Business

lar to spot-market buyers. Reports a high oil company executive: "What appears to be a cutback is really just a diversion to the spot market. This is more than a suspicion; we are sure of it."

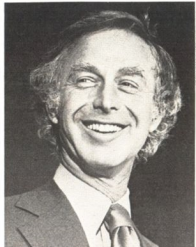
Oilmen also accuse Nigeria of unabashed price gouging. Though cartel members agreed in June not to tack surcharges on top of the maximum \$23.50 per bbl. for their crude, Nigeria for weeks has been demanding a \$5 per bbl. premium on as much as half of its exports. Some companies, including Spain's state-owned Hispanoil, have refused to meet the extortionate price, but others may cave in soon if supplies grow much tighter. Late last month tiny Qatar had no difficulty auctioning off 3.2 million bbl. of crude for an excessive \$34.30 per bbl. to Japanese importers as well as a Lebanese company, Gatoil International, for delivery to its Swiss subsidiary.

The spot market will probably get a further upward nudge from a separate Nigerian action, the abrupt nationalization last week of British Petroleum's exploration, marketing and production operations. The Lagos government declared that it was punishing BP for supplying oil to South Africa in violation of a Nigerian boycott, a charge that the company denies. The takeover deprives BP of an estimated 300,000 bbl. per day, but the Nigerian government is offering to sell the crude to any taker on the spot market, presumably including BP.

About the only good that can come from the cartel's new squeeze would be to help keep the U.S. from dozing off in the face of the worsening petro-peril. Ironically, OPEC's greed may yet inspire a determined conservation and development strategy to break free of dependence on imported oil.



Pipelines for loading tankers in Kuwait  
Spreading threats of production cuts.



Arthur Levitt Jr. in a bullish moment

### St. George of The Small

*The Amex chief speaks up for a neglected constituency*

**S**mall business. The term conjures up visions of Mom and Pop enterprises, like laundries and corner groceries. But firms with revenues of \$5 million to \$350 million, which would have been Big Business 25 years ago, are considered fairly small or at most middling in these inflationary days. Unlike the community of large corporations, the mass of these outfits seldom speaks with one voice on issues that affect them. Now someone wants to be their champion: Arthur Levitt Jr., chairman of the American Stock Exchange, where 95% of the 964 listed companies have revenues under \$350 million. He proposes to form a lobby that would be patterned after the Business Roundtable, whose members include the chiefs of 190 of the nation's biggest corporations. His organization, Levitt says, would be open to "any company under the FORTUNE 500."

Small companies have special needs, Levitt argues. Government regulations are an especially heavy burden on them. By Levitt's reckoning, the cost of complying with environmental, safety and other rules comes to \$32 per \$100,000 of sales for companies with less than \$100 million in revenues, vs. \$4 for larger corporations. Because small companies are not as well known and therefore need to broaden their shareholder base and increase ownership of their stock, they prefer cuts in capital gains taxes rather than the increased depreciation allowances advocated by big companies. Says Levitt: "Our kinds of companies don't have the assets to depreciate that large companies do."

As a St. George of small business, Lev-

itt, 48, son of a New York Democratic politician who was the state's unbeatable comptroller for 24 years, may be making a virtue of necessity. The American Stock Exchange, after all, has long been a home for smaller companies. When he became its chairman in January 1978, he inherited a roster of restless firms whose ambition was to grow large enough to be listed on the Big Board, the New York Stock Exchange. Levitt, who now earns more than \$200,000 a year, says he discovered that these companies had "little representation in government and very little control over their own destinies. I felt the Amex could become a spokesman for that neglected constituency."

Levitt has lobbied for the Small Business Investment Incentive Act, which would give a 10% tax credit to individuals for investments in new issues of firms with a net worth of \$25 million or less. He prods the heads of Amex-listed companies to lobby, too. When the Amex co-sponsored a management conference in Washington last month, the 150 chief executives who came were urged to invite a Congressman to dinner. The Amex also invites two dozen or so of its company presidents to attend briefings held for businessmen by members of the White House senior staff every six weeks.

Often Levitt visits Amex-listed companies and attends their annual meetings. He is used to packing bags. After graduating from Williams College in 1952, he dabbled in magazine promotion in Manhattan; he shared an office with Novelist Joseph Heller and read part of the first draft of *Catch-22* as it came out of Heller's typewriter, frequently on company time. Later he was a securities salesman for a small Wall Street firm that—after many mergers—became Shearson, Hayden Stone; in 1969 he rose to its presidency.

**B**y the time Levitt accepted the Amex job, the No. 2 exchange had substantially slowed the flood of losses it had in the mid-'70s. The Amex has not stopped the drain entirely; in the past year 81 firms have disappeared from its roster, some to go to the Big Board. But, Levitt says, "we have 200 companies listed here that qualify for the other exchange that for one reason or another see fit to stay."

The Amex reputation as the home of the smaller, chancier "hot stock" was re-kindled last year with the go-go trading in gambling stocks and this year's flurry in Canadian oil and gas companies. Daily trading volume now approaches 4 million shares, more than double the level of four years ago. Last week the exchange's market value index hit a near record level of 198.99, up 32% since Jan. 1; meanwhile, the New York Stock Exchange index has risen 9%. Levitt sees the Amex's bullish numbers as signs that his message may be getting through to investors: Think small.

## Grain for Ivan

*U.S. farmers get a lot of bread*

**F**or months U.S. satellites arching high above grainfields of the Soviet Union have been sending back disturbing reports: floods followed by drought have badly damaged the crops. Last week, in a secret meeting in London, Soviet agricultural officials conceded to their American counterparts that the U.S.S.R. is headed toward one of its most disappointing grain harvests ever—about 185 million metric tons, way down from last year's 237 million metric tons. The Soviets asked to enlarge significantly their purchases of American wheat and corn, so that they will rival in magnitude the record Russian buying of 1972.

Right after the London meeting, Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland unwrapped a package of measures intended to bring cheer—and perhaps as much as \$1.8 billion in increased income during election year 1980—to the nation's farm lands. Over the next 14 months, the U.S. will sell the Soviets 10 million metric tons of wheat and another 10 million metric tons of corn; the wheat alone is enough to provide every Soviet man, woman and child with almost 100 1-lb. loaves.

**T**o help U.S. farmers increase output, Bergland lifted the federal "set aside" requirement that has obliged them to keep 20% of their acreage out of cultivation. And he expanded their credit by announcing a 15¢ increase, to \$2.50 per bu., in the amount a farmer can borrow from federal agencies against his wheat crop. At the same time, Bergland warned that under the 1977 farm law the federal support price will drop by 33¢, to \$3.07 per bu., next year. That decrease will be more than offset by market forces. Because of the Soviet purchases, U.S. farmers stand to sell more grain than ever at prices somewhat higher than the present \$4.22 per bu. for wheat and \$2.77 for corn.

Department of Agriculture economists contended that the Soviet sales would not lead to a repeat of the 1972 episode, when the Soviets secretly bought nearly 20 million metric tons of U.S. grain and sent domestic food prices through the roof. Under a bilateral grain treaty, the Soviets cannot buy more than 8 million metric tons unless the U.S. has extra supplies. Since stockpiles are ample and a near record harvest is in view, the department's chief economist estimated that the huge Soviet purchases would add only .2% to the cost of living index.

Even such a fractional rise will irritate inflation-squeezed Americans. Nonetheless, higher exports of U.S. farm products are the best hope for reducing the nation's trade deficit, which is caused largely by oil imports. Since America's appetite for foreign oil will remain intense, it is necessary to sell more food abroad even if that means slightly higher supermarket bills at home. ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

## Of Freedom and Inflation

**T**he Big Man who wasn't there at the Camp David hair-down sessions, let alone when the Cabinet-level jobs were handed out, was America's premier banker, Walter Wriston. His absence was unsurprising if unfortunate because, along with being the most innovative of money men, the Citicorp chairman delivers outspoken opinions with a rapier tongue that belies his early career as a State Department diplomat. In a glass house 15 stories above Park Avenue, he sits at a circular desk (the better to gather aides around to chew over ideas) and, eyebrows arched and wisecracks flying, tosses out some sharp-edged stones. His main concern: "I think that we are steadily losing our freedoms."

Narrow, single-interest groups are preventing the compromises that are essential to democracy, Wriston says. Nobody, not even the President, is empowered to make a trade-off, to decide that the nation will incur some risks and costs and unpleasantness to build the productive base and acquire the energy that is needed to head off unemployment and prevent the lights from going out.

Because various groups have blocked the projects, the U.S. has built no oil refinery on the East Coast since 1957, no deepwater port that can take a 300,000-ton tanker. Given the power of the many single-issue factions, given the complexity of the restrictions, how can the U.S. ever develop its energy?

The solution, Wriston argues, would be to grant the President and a panel of four or five wise people the absolute authority to suspend all restrictions in order to permit the construction of five to ten huge energy projects. "By limiting the number of projects, we would limit damage to the environment. We have to be prepared to say, 'The steam shovel starts tomorrow morning, and the snail darter will go the way of all flesh, but the lights won't go out.' If, on the other hand, the U.S. remains unwilling to compromise, it will be plagued by no growth. 'The victims will be the latest entrants into the economy, those who have the least job seniority, meaning women and blacks and other minorities. No growth is another way of saying dying.'



Walter Wriston

Freedom is also being eroded, he contends, because Government guidelines are trying artificially to hold down wages and prices. Wriston has the intriguing idea that those prices and wages represent an essential form of economic speech, that money is a form of information. Thus, the Government is sore at business because it has been the bearer of bad tidings.

"The bad news that business has been reporting is inflation. So we find Government spokesmen telling the people that the real villains in this inflation story are the businessmen who are raising their prices and the labor unions that are raising wages. When any Government tries to eliminate inflation by controlling wages and prices, what it is really doing is asking all of us to suppress the bad news that it has printed too much money. The reason we have inflation is that since 1967 the Government has caused the money supply to grow three times as fast as the goods and services that can be bought with it."

To a large group of editors, Wriston has criticized the press because "it often remains silent, or sometimes greets with approval the steady infringement of any right that does not involve free speech. One of the great unreported stories of the past 30 years is the steady erosion of individual rights that is turning us into a different kind of country. If we put a floor under wages and a ceiling over prices, a free man cannot long stand erect. Someone has to make it clear that the collision course between Government price and wage controls and personal liberty is inevitable because, in the end, Government allocation of economic resources requires force." So, he continues, when considering any form of price and wage restrictions, the question should not be "Will it work?" but "How does it affect individual liberty?"

Wriston's argument overlooks that, rightly or wrongly, many Americans believe that the free market no longer is really free, that in fact it is manipulated not only by Government but also by large private corporations. Also, he ignores that in the battle against inflation, people seem quite willing to sacrifice at least some of their individual liberty. But the danger is that as inflation roars on, they may be willing to sacrifice so much more of it that the Republic could become a totally different kind of society. For Wriston is quite right when he argues that economic freedom is essential to all freedom. As he puts it, "To think that the bell does not toll for academic freedom or freedom of the press if economic freedom is shackled is a dangerous illusion."



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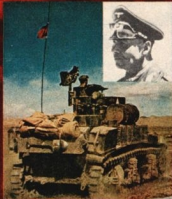
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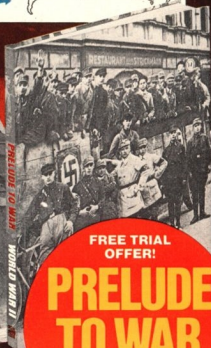
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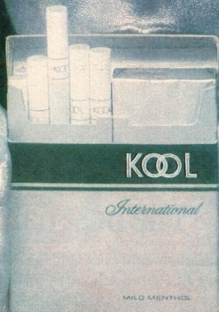
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# Religion

## Battle of the Prayer Books

*Episcopalians seem to be polls apart*

It was in 1549 that the Church of England forsook the Latin liturgy and began worshipping in the king's English. By the church's good fortune, Archbishop Thomas Cranmer edited the original *Book of Common Prayer* with such felicity that it has stood for centuries as a literary masterpiece. Its familiar phrases strike to the Anglican mind and heart and indeed can stir anyone who loves God or great language: "Almighty and most merciful Father . . . We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us."

In the Episcopal Church, the U.S. branch of Anglicanism, the language of the venerable book remained remarkably close to that of the 16th century, even after its most recent revision in 1928. But Episcopalians now are on the verge of a substantial break with Cranmer. Next month, after three years of trial use, a modernized prayer book will come up for final approval at the church's General Convention.

Rather like the reasoning of liturgical reformers in Roman Catholicism and Lutheranism, the rationale of the Episcopal revisers was that the church needed an up-to-date liturgy in contemporary language that parishioners can better understand. They also wanted to make use of the latest liturgical scholarship, not only by modernizing texts but by reorganizing the parts of the service logically. The Gloria, for instance, comes much earlier than it did in the 1928 edition because that was the practice in the early church. The new prayer book also offers a choice of a fairly traditional or a modern text in the most frequently used services, and so many options within each that the priest can use many more different combinations than before. One controversial innovation is "the Peace," a pause in the service when customarily reticent Episcopalians are expected to exchange personal blessings with worshippers around them, as the Catholics do in the new Mass.

Such additions and permutations make the new prayer book nearly twice as thick as the 1928 edition. But even so, in the process many a burnished and beloved phrase has been edited flat or cast into outer darkness. In the marriage service, "till death do us part" becomes "until we are parted by death." In the renovated baptism, the priest will no longer pray that the child be given



Archbishop-Editor Thomas Cranmer  
*No more "miserable offenders."*

strength to defeat "the devil, the world and the flesh."

The traditional "We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord" becomes in one version "You are God: we praise you; You are the Lord." The phrases "there is no health in us" and "miserable offenders" are excised from the General Confession. Contrition has been cut back elsewhere. In the marriage service the couple is no longer charged with having to answer for any impediment to their marriage "at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed." Also regarded by critics as a sin of omission is the new book's loss of burial service readings such as "Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

The changes have produced fierce reactions from a number of literary taste makers. W.H. Auden, who saw early versions before he died in 1973, said that liturgically speaking, the Episcopal Church "seems to have gone stark raving mad." Much of the new edition is "pedestrian, second-rate, banal," snaps Literary Critic Cleanth Brooks. Episcopal leaders generally dismiss such remarks as elitist fuming. The people in the pews, they insist, are grateful for the new version.

Last week the official viewpoint and Episcopal reality seemed to be polls apart. George Gallup Jr., who is an Episcopalian as well as a pollster, reported on a na-

tional random survey of 512 Episcopal laity and 654 clergy showing that 63% of lay members still prefer the old prayer book. Only 23% are for the new. Episcopalians no longer active in the church are more heavily in favor of the 1928 book than active members, and champions of the old book feel much more strongly than those who like the new. Gallup's data also show a church divided against itself: an overwhelming 80% of the clergy favor the modern prayer book.

The survey was commissioned by the Nashville-based Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer (S.P.B.C.P.), which has 120,000 supporters. The society is resigned to the fact that only a miracle can avert final approval of the new book next month. What it seeks is authorization from the church convention for individual parishes to use the 1928 prayer book if they wish. Given the centrality of the prayer book to church life, the way in which the convention handles popular resistance to the new liturgy could have much to do with the future fortunes of Episcopalianism. ■

## A Cardinal Carabiniere

*Alfredo Ottaviani: 1890-1979*

His personal motto was *Semper idem* (always the same) and he lived up to it with matchless rigor. Prior to the liberalizing Second Vatican Council, Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani was one of the most feared and powerful princes of the Roman Catholic world. His authority as a ranking doctrinal watchdog came from his influence within the Holy Office. Ottaviani was half blind but, the Vatican saying went, "sees more with one eye than most see with two." Armed with a steely mind and consummate dedication, he became in his own word, a "carabiniere" (policeman) of orthodoxy. Even after the windows of the Vatican were finally opened to change, he never ceased to resist innovation. When he died last week of bronchial pneumonia at age 88, most of the reforms he had fought against—among them ecumenism, religious tolerance, the new Mass, the softening of censorship—were secure.

The Holy Office was charged with matters of apostasy, heresy and the regulation of doctrinal matters regarding faith and morals. It once acted as censor too. At various times Ottaviani tried to silence a *Who's Who* of 20th century Catholic theologians, including Karl Rahner, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, Yves Congar and John Courtney Murray.

His power seemed to evaporate in one humiliating and dramatic day. At Vatican II's first session in 1962, he was orating against liturgical reform and ran well

## Religion

beyond the ten-minute limit on speeches. When the presiding officer ruled him out of order, a wave of applause by the assembled fathers of the council suddenly swept the Basilica. Deeply shocked, Ottaviani boycotted the proceedings for ten days thereafter. When he returned, the fathers rejected his main doctrinal proposal at the first session.

The following year, Ottaviani's own domain came under attack when Germany's Josef Cardinal Frings charged that the Holy Office's secretive methods were "an object of scandal" to the world. Pope Paul VI, just after the council closed, ordered a sweeping liberalization of the Holy Office.

The son of a poor Roman baker, Ottaviani, a brilliant canon lawyer, joined the Vatican Secretariat of State in 1928. Seven years later, he shifted to the Holy Office, becoming its No. 2 official by 1941. In Ottaviani's era the Holy Office also had a voice on external matters. In 1949 he signed the decree excommunicating Catholics who joined or aided the Communists, but with very little effect. In a 1953 speech that outraged Protestants, Ottaviani declared that rulers of predominantly Catholic states had a duty to protect "the religious unity of a people who unanimously know themselves to be in secure possession of religious truth." Vatican II rejected such thinking. Years later, he publicly denounced Pope Paul's reformed Mass as "nearly heretical."

In private life the Cardinal was a witty, charming and humane man. During World War II he personally sheltered a number of Jews. But he will be remembered for his official acts to ward off the influence of the modern world, which he felt threatened piety and the church, and which he described as "prey to an ardent rage for novelties." Ottaviani once said: "There is only one principle which counts. The church as service. And to serve it means to be faithful to its laws. Like a blind man. Like the blind man I am."



Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani in 1963

*Censoring a Who's Who of theologians.*



Young tourists clamoring for a close-up look at Pennsylvania's crippled nuke

## Science

### Three Mile Island Verdict

*Human error is to blame*

**F**or many of the tourists who are flocking daily to Pennsylvania's crippled Three Mile Island nuclear power station, the 15-minute documentary may have the ring of authority. Prepared by Metropolitan Edison Co., the plant's operator, and being shown daily at the Observation Center across the river from Three Mile Island's cooling towers, the script has a glib explanation for last March's near disaster. It resulted, says the Met Ed film, from "a complex combination of equipment failures, ambiguous instruments and operator failures..." The production also insists that the amount of radiation released into the atmosphere was insignificant.

Unfortunately for the beleaguered utility, its film may now need some editing. For the past four months, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), among others, has been looking into the causes and effects of the nation's worst commercial reactor accident. Last week, in a report that is sure to have wide repercussions, NRC staff investigators said that the most serious aspects of the mishap were almost certainly due to human error. And though they acknowledged that the radiation level was low, they said that one burst was greater than any previously revealed.

Some two inches thick and based on many hours of hearings, the NRC report will be some comfort to those who design and build reactors used to generate electricity. It states categorically that although the Pennsylvania plant was not "fail-safe," its equipment and emergency

procedures "were adequate to have prevented the serious consequences of the accident, if they had been permitted to function or be carried out as planned." Trouble is, neither the equipment nor the preprogrammed safety procedures built into the Babcock & Wilcox reactor really got a chance.

The investigators confirmed that the plant's operators overrode the automatic safety systems in their attempts to correct the rapidly developing crisis that occurred when an electricity-generator turbine tripped, or shut itself down. Those actions, says the report, turned what should have been a relatively minor glitch into a potential disaster. Instead of letting the reactor's emergency core cooling system perform its safety functions, the operators paid "undue attention" to keeping the coolant from overflowing the reactor and refused to believe instruments indicating that the plant's fuel core was getting perilously hot.

Critical as the investigators may have been of the utility, the NRC itself got a wrist slap from Congress. In a report approved by a 29-to-2 vote, the House Government Operations Committee severely chided the commission for failing "to demonstrate strong constructive leadership" in developing evacuation plans and related emergency procedures for areas surrounding nuclear plants. Of 25 states that have these facilities, the study said, 16 do not have such NRC-approved plans. As one committee staffer summed up: the NRC just "pretended that accidents could not happen."

# How a phone call solved the mystery of the sandy teacups.

*Based on an actual call made to the toll-free 24-hour Whirlpool Cool-Line® service.*

## (Telephone Rings)

**Cool-Line Consultant:** Whirlpool Cool-Line. May I help you?

**Woman:** I just bought a Whirlpool dishwasher and I keep finding sand in my teacups. Can you help me?

**Consultant:** That's why I'm here. Now, about the sand. Are the rest of your dishes clean?

**Woman:** They're fine. My husband's a Mexican food freak. Even pans with baked-on refried beans get clean. But where did the sand come from?

**Consultant:** What does the sand look like?

**Woman:** Like...sand. In a puddle of water that didn't drain out of the teacup.

**Consultant:** If you're seeing "sand," it could be your dishwasher detergent hasn't dissolved. Do you have a cup with some "sand" in it now?

**Woman:** Right here by the phone.

**Consultant:** Does the "sand" look like detergent?

**Woman:** You mean this is detergent?!!

**Consultant:** Look closer.

**Woman:** It does look like detergent. So why didn't it dissolve?

**Consultant:** Check your water temperature. At your dishwasher, it should be at least 140°. If it's okay, then I suggest you buy a fresh box of detergent. Dishwasher detergent sometimes has a very short shelf life and doesn't dissolve completely when it's old. And make sure you load your teacups properly, so all the water drains out.

**Woman:** Wow. You really helped. Sorry I bothered you, but at least I didn't have to call a repairman. Thanks for your time.

**Consultant:** Glad I could help.

This is the kind of two-way communication we've been having with our Whirlpool Cool-Line service for the past eleven years. It's just one example of the continuing concern we have for customers who purchase quality Whirlpool appliances.

If you ever have a question or problem with your Whirlpool appliance, call our toll-free 24-hour Cool-Line service at 800-253-1301. In Alaska and Hawaii, dial 800-253-1121. In Michigan, call 800-632-2243. If our Cool-Line service can't help, we have Whirlpool franchised Tech-Care® service representatives all over the country who can.



**Whirlpool**  
Home Appliances  
Quality Our way of life



## Environment

### Costly Facelift for an Old Resort

*Miami Beach attempts to turn back the tides*

It is an incongruous sight. Two miles offshore from the hotel-lined beachfront, two giant dredges toil away round the clock, scooping up tons of sand from the ocean bottom. Heavy, 27-in. pipes carry the grayish slurry to the beach. There it is deposited in large, neat mounds, until the fresh sand is spread out by large earth-moving machines. Under way for two years, the controversial \$64 million project by the Army Corps of Engineers is aimed at nothing less than saving one of the nation's vacation landmarks: that fabled stretch of the Florida Gold Coast known as Miami Beach.

The resort needs a helping hand. It has lost many vacationers to the Caribbean islands and to attractions like Walt Disney World in central Florida. Many of the old hotels are barely surviving; many shops have shut their doors. Where young people once cha-chaed through the night, now the elderly struggle to survive on their Social Security checks.

Perhaps the biggest factor in the resort's decline is man's intervention with nature. One of the many barrier islands off the U.S.'s Atlantic and Gulf coasts, Miami Beach is vulnerable to waves, winds and the natural ebb and flow of its fragile sands. During the first great Florida land boom in the early 1920s and the second boom of the 1950s, the beach's problems were compounded by unrestrained growth. Developers put up man-

sions, hotels and condominiums almost at the water's edge, atop the dunes that protect the island from the lash of the sea. After a devastating hurricane in 1926, many property owners erected groins, jetty-like projections, some of them stretching 150 ft. into the water. They had two purposes: to provide privacy and to prevent sand from being washed away from one place to another along the shoreline by sideswiping waves. The hotels also put up concrete sea walls to protect the buildings. But when waves bounce sharply off the walls, still more sand is carried off.

The groins were also ultimately destructive. Though each protected its own stretch of beach, the barricade hastened erosion on the adjacent section, which was no longer replenished by the wash of fresh sand. The only solution seemed to be to build more groins, but they caused more erosion. By the early 1960s, the waves were lapping almost at the foundations of Miami Beach monuments like the Fontainebleau Hilton.

By now, many experts believe, any attempt to contain erosion is futile. After spending millions of dollars on trying to save beaches along Cape Hatteras and elsewhere, the National Park Service decided that in most cases it was better to leave nature alone. But Miami Beach's leaders felt that the survival of the resort was at stake. With the support of the Florida congressional

delegation, the Corps of Engineers began what is the largest beach restoration ever attempted. When the corps completes the project in 1981, it will have laid down 10.5 miles of new beach (1.2 miles in neighboring communities), with an average width of 250 ft. In addition, the new shoreline will be rimmed by a protective sand dune—a long, flat ridge some 20 ft. wide and 2½ ft. high that will act as a storm barrier—and a park with hundreds of palm trees and paths for strollers and cyclists.

Boosters are convinced that the restoration will not only help lure the tourists back to Miami Beach but survive most of nature's attacks. Says Andy Hobbs, the corps's chief coastal engineer in Florida: "Without a major storm, the beach should last indefinitely." But many scientists are not so sure. Marine Geologist Harold Wanless of the University of Miami thinks that the fine sand used to rebuild the shore may not be durable enough to withstand natural erosion. Adds Charles Lee of the Florida Audubon Society: "None of these projects has ever been permanent. All they do is buy a few years at an exorbitant cost."

The Coast Alliance, a coalition of environmental and other groups that has been advocating 1980 as the Year of the Coast, argues that in the future, prevention may be better than even a well-managed cure. A better course, it says, is to avoid such problems by placing limits on the construction of hotels and other structures too near precious beaches. That may well be the most important lesson from Miami Beach's costly facelift.



Large pipe deposits fresh sand from sea during Miami Beach restoration

*After years of unrestrained growth, a protective sand dune, bike paths and hundreds of palm trees.*



Oceanfront hotels along washed-away shore



# Wolfschmidt Vodka.

## The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

**Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka**

# People



Chip Carter, Suzanne Somers and Donald Sutherland join hands for a walk on the White House lawn

What's a visit to Washington without a souvenir snapshot with the White House as a backdrop? If you are a VIP tourist like sunny **Suzanne Somers** or smooth **Donald Sutherland**, however, the memento is a little more exotic. Shooting scenes in the capital for *Nothing Personal*, a comedy in which they play two lawyers fighting a nefarious corporation while falling in love with each other, Somers and Sutherland took time out for a peek at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. **Jimmy Carter** was busy and **Rosalynn** was out of town as they rolled up to the gate in his and her studio limousines, but swinging Son **Chip** happened to be on hand. "I see you're do-

ing your part for the energy crisis," chided Chip, who then led his guests on a brief tour and joined them for a hand-in-hand photograph on the White House lawn. What a nice souvenir, especially for the movie's publicity mavens.

Another movie starring **Al Pacino** as a latent gay gumshoe was being filmed on the streets of Manhattan, and everyone within shooting distance seemed to have something to say about it. New York gays who live in the Greenwich Village area where much of the shooting was taking place were especially upset. Some who managed to get hold of a script protested that *Cruising* would be an insulting film because it depicts homosexuals as violent and sex-obsessed. Marshaling forces along the fringes of the street scenes and staging protest marches through the Village, the gays demanded that Mayor **Edward Koch** withdraw municipal assistance for the production. To Koch, who declined such an extreme move, it was a case of civil rights advocates turning into censors. *Cruising's* producer, **Jerry Weintraub**, meanwhile insisted that his film was not anti-gay, and he was critical of his critics. Said Weintraub: "They have asked me to make the picture in Baltimore or Hollywood, not here where they live. They want me to make it where other homosexuals live."



Pacino filming in Manhattan



Christina and Sergei at one year

Considering the blue-chip ballot, there was certainly nothing political about the decision. The vote of the 34 owners of a co-op at Manhattan's 19 East 72nd Street blackballed a \$750,000 apartment sale to **Richard Nixon**. The former President had sought to purchase a nine-room penthouse in the expensive East Side high-rise so that he and his wife **Pat** could be closer to their children. But the other owners believed that the Nixons would have attracted curiosity seekers and destroyed what one blackballer called the ambience of the building on the corner of Madison Avenue. "Just imagine," she said, "what would happen if the Shah of Iran visited him." For similar reasons, the same fate has befallen **Barbra Streisand**, **Pat Law-**

**ford** and even dashing Princeton-educated **Prince Saud**, the Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia, who was voted out of a Fifth Avenue flat because of fears of anti-Arab protests.

Cynics said it would never last, the marriage between a willful Greek shipping million-heiress and a doctrinaire Soviet. But last week **Christina Onassis**, 28, and husband **Sergei Kauzov**, 40, celebrated their first wedding anniversary with a few close Greek friends on Christina's island, Skopios. The party was deliberately simple: an anniversary cake helicoptered in from the mainland, along with champagne, caviar, smoked salmon and lobster. Then the couple led off some barefoot dancing, choosing a tango as their starter. There were no signs of discord in the union. Sergei, who has been allowed out of Moscow on an extended visa rarely granted by Soviet authorities, is taking a stronger role in managing one of the capitalist world's largest fleets. And Christina, happy in her marriage, has been devoting some time to visiting gynecologists, apparently because she has not become pregnant.

## On the Record

**Midge Decter**, author, on why she thinks affirmative action for women has negative results: "The implication is that women are really *not* the equals of men and can't do it on their own."

**Gerald Raftery**, the President's image maker, explaining why Carter's popularity has diminished: "I've done a bad job."

**Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson**, chairman of the Senate's Energy and Natural Resources Committee, juggling metaphors in a bureau critique of the Administration's synthetic-fuel program: "We have to make a beginning. But we don't have to present the big picture or go off the deep end. The sensible thing is to start down the road with every possible safeguard, recognizing that there are problems."

# Sport



With the domes of Red Square in the background, marathon men run through Moscow streets

## Losing and Learning in Moscow

*At Spartakiad, a lesson was as good as a win*

**T**hey journeyed to Moscow for the same reasons the first astronauts went to space, to test an alien environment and pave the way for more important missions ahead. Under these trying conditions, a team of largely unknown U.S. athletes performed creditably, though not often winningly, at Spartakiad, the Soviet Union's quadrennial games. They also learned some lessons that should pay handsome dividends when it really counts: at the 1980 Moscow Olympics.

The two-week competition was billed as a dress rehearsal for next year's 22nd Olympiad, but it quickly became clear that most of the visitors' roles would be played by understudies. Though some 2,500 outsiders were on hand to vie for medals with 10,000 Soviets, many foreign stars chose either to remain home or com-

pete elsewhere. The U.S. track and field team, for example, arrived without such mainstays as Hurdler Edwin Moses, Miller Francie Larrieu, High Jumper Franklin Jacobs and Middle Distance Runner Steve Scott. Even the East Germans seemed to have better things to do, preferring to concentrate on this week's European Cup track competition in Turin.

Track and field, the traditional centerpiece of Olympic festivities, showed Spartakiad at its comic worst and competitive best. In the heats of the 3,000-meter steeplechase, two runners from Guinea-Bissau came face-to-face with hurdles for the first time. The hurdles won. One of the Africans clambered over several hurdles using both hands but balked at a second encounter with the water obstacle. With the crowd egging him on, he stared at it for a moment, shook his head and walked away.

If the steeplechase was ridiculous, last week's marathon was sublime. This hellish race, 26 miles and 385 yds., usually ends with one man running alone into a stadium, basking in the cheers of a crowd saluting his solitary achievement. This time five runners burst in together, bunched as tightly as they had been when they started 2 hr. 12 min. earlier. The marathoners were kicking like mules; indeed, they were moving nearly as fast as the 1,500-meter finishers had an hour before. With about ten meters to go, Leonid Mosyev, 27, the Soviet and European champion, shot into first place on his final two strides. His winning time of 2:13:20 was equaled by the next two finishers; hun-

dreths of seconds separated them, but the marathon clock could only break seconds into tenths.

With many of their betters competing at the National Sports Festival in Colorado Springs, the U.S. track and field team felt like cannon fodder. Yet the 35-member team brought back America's seven gold medals, including all three in the sprint relays. Gloated Benn Fields, silver-medalist in the high jump: "I'm tired of hearing what dogs we are."

For the U.S., the brightest find of Spartakiad, both in ability and personality, was Carl Lewis, just turned 18. In only his third competition outside high school meets, the gracious, unassuming Willingboro, N.J., athlete won a gold medal for his leg in the 800-meter relay and a bronze in his specialty, the long jump. Lewis was disappointed with third place in the long jump, but Stan Vinson, 27, who won gold medals in the 400-meter dash and 1,600-meter relay, looked ahead: "I think he'll jump 29 ft. before he's 20 the way he's going." Bob Beamon's 1968 world record is 29 ft. 2½ in.

The U.S. women's volleyball team established itself as a contender for gold or silver in 1980. After defeating the Ukraine volleyballers and upsetting the potent Moscow squad, the American women narrowly lost a grueling, five-game match to the Russian Federation, the Soviet national team. The American women live and practice together six days a week in Colorado Springs, under the auspices of the newly invigorated U.S. Volleyball Association. Mostly in their mid-20s, they have interrupted college, romances and careers to serve and spike. Said Janet Baier, 24, an aspiring cellist from St. Louis: "I can play the cello till I'm 90, like Casals did, but I can only play volleyball now."

The American men's basketball team was an artistic success but a scoreboard




Stan Vinson



Carl Lewis taking baton in relay win



Soviet Gymnast Natalia Shaposhnikova

A hand holds a diamond ring with a complex, multi-lobed design set with numerous small diamonds. The ring is positioned next to an open, dark-colored jewelry box. A small, white, rectangular note with handwritten text lies on the surface. In the background, a large, faceted crystal object is visible.

After all these years,  
she says nothing I do could surprise her.

*Happy Wednesday  
Darling!*

A diamond is forever.

The ring shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about \$4650. The price may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about \$300.

DeBeers.



## Sport

# The Pride of the Yankees

Thurman Munson: 1947-1979

failure, finishing fifth. Hastily recruited from the second tier of amateur players—most of the best played instead in the Pan American Games—the youthful Americans were unschooled in international rules and woefully short on muscle and experience. Nevertheless, their fluid fakes and brilliant improvisations drew large crowds, even to their practice sessions. A bravura moment came when Herb Williams, 21, a forward from Ohio State, slammed home a fearsome dunk against Yugoslavia and shattered the backboard in the process. After a moment of startled silence, the Soviet crowd roared with laughter and cheers, and one straight-faced official quipped: "Please ask your player not to perform that play any more than five times—we only have six more backboards."

Among Eastern bloc teams, the Soviet Union showed its usual depth and set two women's world records. No new sports monolith rose from obscurity in the way East Germany did in 1972. But a tiny star may have been born. Natalia Shaposhnikova, 18, an 84-lb. Soviet gymnast, captured both the all-round competition and the fancy of onlookers; "Natalia" may well become the Olga Korbut of 1980.

The U.S. contingent was less concerned with rivals than with logistics. Language, transportation and communications in sprawling Lenin Stadium proved to be nagging problems. Said Track and Field Coach Jimmy Carnes: "Next year we intend to come here as self-contained as we possibly can."

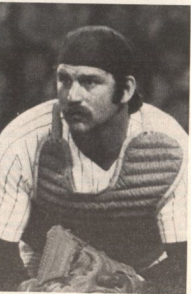
Track competitors had an especially frustrating time preparing for their races. Frequently they would warm up only to end up waiting in a cold concrete room for 30 minutes before the start of their events. Said Ron Davis, 22, a 400-meter man: "The Soviet athletes are used to being told to take off their sweats, then stand in the wind for ten minutes. We aren't. Maybe we have to get used to it."

U.S. coaches generally had warm praise for the Soviets' willingness to iron out such problems. The coaches nonetheless will go through a series of formal debriefings on their return, and U.S. athletes will have lots of free advice for colleagues who stayed home. Some priority items for 1980: Tang (orange juice is hard to come by), sleep masks for Moscow's 3:30 a.m. midsummer sunrise, heavier warmup suits for the cool evening air, and native American interpreters.

But the most important message will be that U.S. Olympians must learn a little Soviet-style comradeliness if they hope to fare well next summer. "It's pretty cut-throat back home—you've got no friends when the gun goes off—but in Russia next year, we are going to have to put all of that aside," said Stan Vinson. "We aren't just running against other athletes, we're running against a system. And nobody is going to look out for us but us."

He was a sepia-tinted photograph in a color-television age, a throwback to the time when ballplayers wore baggy wool flannel uniforms and played cards on lonesome train rides through the night. His square shape and scowling countenance served him poorly off the field. He could deliver the winning hit but not the winsome quote, and thus suffered in the game of personality hype, the game that, sadly, often seems to count most.

Last week Yankee Catcher Thurman Munson, 32, was killed in a plane crash near Canton, Ohio, and quickly received



Munson guarding home plate

"He played hard, he played hurt."

the encomiums he so craved in life. "Probably the best clutch hitter in baseball," said Los Angeles Dodgers Manager Tom Lasorda. "A wonderful, enormously likable guy, and a truly great ballplayer," said Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. The Yankees will retire his number 15 and place a plaque in his honor on the center-field wall. But perhaps the greatest tribute of all came from 51,151 fans in Yankee Stadium, who cheered his memory for ten minutes before the team's first game without him.

Munson died when his twin-engine Cessna Citation I jet crashed 700 feet short of a runway at Akron-Canton airport, barely ten miles from his home. The accident occurred as Munson practiced a series of "touch and go" takeoffs and landings. A licensed pilot since 1977, he bought the seven-seat, \$1.2 million jet and was certified to fly it only last month.

An Ohio boy who was All-America at

Kent State, Munson was part of the Yankees' long and impressive catching tradition—Bill Dickey, Yogi Berra and Elston Howard. Munson became a major leaguer after only 99 games in the minors. He justified the Yankees' gamble by hitting .302 and winning Rookie of the Year honors in 1970. His best seasons were 1975 (.318 with 102 runs batted in), 1976 (.302 and 105 RBIs) and 1977 (.308 and 100 RBIs). He was named to the All-Star team seven times, batted over .300 in World Series and playoff competition, and was voted the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1976. A classic field general, Munson handled pitchers masterfully and cut down base stealers with forbiddingly quick throws.

Though several other Yankees enjoyed more public acclaim, many players felt that Munson was the team's linchpin. "He exemplified a leader, and that is why he was captain," explained Outfielder Lou Piniella. "He played hard, he played tough, he played hurt." Arm troubles and creaky knees caused Munson's run production to fall off sharply after 1977.

Munson begrudged the ink and air time given to players he considered less talented, especially Boston Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk, who stole the spotlight from him with an outstanding rookie season in 1972. "For a while it was like I didn't exist," Munson later said. He could be surly in public, and never bothered with the art of image making. He conducted a celebrated feud with George Steinbrenner when the Yankee owner signed Reggie Jackson to a more lucrative contract than his. Munson's salary was finally renegotiated; he signed a four-year pact averaging \$420,000 annually through 1981—but he never forgot that his boss "embarrassed" him.

On several occasions, Munson asked to be traded to the Indians so he could be closer to his wife Diane and their three children in Canton, 50 miles south of Cleveland. He became a pilot so that he could jet home just for the night after a game. Flying seemed to give him the inner peace he found elusive in the klieg-light jungle of baseball. "You get up there," he said once, "and nobody asks you any questions."

Two weeks ago, Munson acknowledged that injuries would prevent him from remaining a catcher full time, but he said that he wanted to continue playing, mostly because of his son Michael, 4. "I want to play long enough for him to understand and appreciate what I have accomplished," he said. "If I have three or four more good years, I might have the kind of statistics that could get me in the Hall of Fame."

# Music



The magician's portrait stares at the celebration: the pizzazz of the circus

## Houdini: The Riddle Remains

Old tricks upstage a new opera in Aspen

Opera: An exotic and irrational  
entertainment  
—Samuel Johnson

If only Dr. Johnson could have been in the Colorado Rockies last week. The Aspen Music Festival put on an exotic and deliberately irrational entertainment in which clowns, jugglers and acrobats capered across the stage. Flames shot up from nowhere. Flowers sprouted suddenly in a spitting. A chorus stalked the aisles chanting a pitch for patent medicine. The hero was played by no less than three performers—a singer, a dancer and a magician. Before a note was even heard, the magician was hanging by his feet high over the stage, wriggling free of a straitjacket.

The occasion was the U.S. premiere of *Houdini*, a "circus opera" by Dutch Composer Peter Schat and British Writer Adrian Mitchell. A note in Mitchell's libretto says that the work—originally produced in Amsterdam in 1977—"isn't a documentary but a celebration." What it celebrates is the spirit of human freedom symbolized by Houdini's ingenious escapes from every form of shackle and confinement.

Key events in the magician's life, freely rearranged, are played out in stylized, pageant-like scenes. His birth is presented as his first "great escape." But he remains passionately tied to his mother. Her death at the peak of his career leads him to court, then to denounce the spiritualists who are unable to put him in touch with her. After his own death, his wife Bess holds séances for ten years in an attempt to reach him.

(At the first of two performances last week, an electrical failure plunged the music tent into blackness at the finale, prompting a brief, wild surmise that Bess had succeeded.) Death, she sings to his departed spirit, is the "door from which you will never escape."

Librettist Mitchell, 46, is known as an anti-elitist who believes art should be "useful" to a broad public. Schat, 44, a political radical, was one of the collaborators on the 1969 Dutch opera *Reconstruction*, a political fantasia on *Don Giovanni* in which the Don represented imperialism and the Commendatore turned out to be Che Guevara. Thus it comes as no surprise that *Houdini* is suffused with a romantic—and at times sentimental—populism. In the final scene, Houdini appears from beyond the grave with the message that "there is no heaven but the people. Let the people of the world / shake off their chains / and sing." To move from a vaudeville artiste slipping out of handcuffs to this kind of cosmic hymn is a long leap—too long. Except for some passing swipes at the police, war and poverty, Mitchell and Schat never specify the nature of the people's chains. Nor do they pause to consider that absolute freedom can itself be a kind of bondage.

Schat's score calls for a sizable chorus and a huge orchestra, heavy on brass and percussion (including steel drums). Stylistically he is what might be called a postserialist. Having explored the twelve-tone system in earlier compositions, he now works in a freely eclectic vein, yielding at times to the "tonal nostalgia" that

Robert Craft pointed out in Alban Berg's music, at other times borrowing the jazzy strains of theater music. At Aspen, his pounding rhythms generated a powerful momentum and his thickly massed sonorities built to sharp climaxes, especially in the big choral scenes. His solo vocal passages and more lyrical moments, however, seemed to lack a distinctive melodic contour.

As Houdini, Tenor Jerold Norman was re-creating his role in the Amsterdam production, and the experience showed in his secure, if rather monochromatic, performance. Other major roles were ably filled by Rita Shane as Houdini's mother, John Brandstetter as his manager and Viviane Thomas as Bess. Conductor Richard Dufallo, who heads Aspen's annual Conference on Contemporary Music (at which Schat is one of this year's composers-in-



Norman and Shane as son and mother  
Birth was the first "great escape."

residence), had the work firmly in hand. His youthful chorus and orchestra managed most of the score's difficulties, though without making them sound any less difficult.

In the end, both the music and text were upstaged by the magic. Several of Houdini's feats, including his water-can escape, were authentically and grippingly duplicated by Mark Mazzarella, a 19-year-old college sophomore. But the cost of going for such theatrical pizzazz was a loss of psychological depth. *Houdini* offered almost no plot, almost no human interplay. Throughout the evening, a large portrait of the magician stared out at the performers from the rear of the stage, as if challenging them to account for his mysterious driven nature. The tricks, the career, the public appropriation of him as a hero were all there. But the man himself? Once again, he escaped.

—Christopher Porterfield



Dooley and Shade as victim and enchantress: the ravages of passion

## Lulu Arrives in Full Dress

*Berg's masterpiece is done justice in Santa Fe*

When the Paris Opéra presented the world premiere of Alban Berg's complete *Lulu* in February, one of the masterpieces of 20th century opera stood revealed at last. Or did it? Berg left the orchestration of the third and final act unfinished at his death in 1935. For years the work had to be performed in truncated form. In Paris, Conductor Pierre Boulez unveiled the full score as completed by Viennese Composer Friedrich Cerha. But Director Patrice Chéreau's eccentric staging reflected as much Chéreau as Berg, and many of the composer's dramatic intentions remained unfulfilled.

Now the full-length *Lulu* is being given its first U.S. performances by the venturesome Santa Fe Opera. Some of the vocal panache and soaring emotion of the Paris production may be missing, but little else is. The Santa Feans have staged the work with unusual care and intelligence. This time Berg the librettist is as well served as Berg the composer.

Under Colin Graham's direction, the story—adapted from two plays by German Pre-Expressionist Frank Wedekind—unfolds in swift, biting scenes (given fine clarity by Arthur Jacobs' translation). The mysterious Lulu is a dancer, an amoral enchantress, perhaps a force of nature. She first rises through society, then falls disastrously, as lovers contend for her elusive soul and all too accessible body. Throughout the opera, a large portrait of her hangs onstage—one of Berg's many specifications that were sometimes ignored in the past.

John Conklin's set (inspired by sketches by the late Rudolf Heinrich for Santa Fe's U.S. premiere of the shorter

*Lulu* in 1963) captures the work's heartless, hypocritical milieu with a doorway here, a sofa or a plant there. All is gelid grays and greens except for the lurid red of Lulu's dress and wig. The stage is framed by two skeletal, metallic walls that recede almost to a vanishing point. In the final scene, when Lulu has ended up as a prostitute in a London attic, the walls suggest the desolate, fateful corridor down which Lulu has been careening all along.

Michael Tilson Thomas' conducting matches the urgent pace of the staging without blurring the transparent intricacies of Berg's twelve-tone score. As Lulu, Soprano Nancy Shade sings her precipitous vocal lines strongly and accurately, which is more of an achievement than it may sound. But she only acts out bewitching allure; she does not embody it. During rehearsals, the cast screened Louise Brooks' Lulu in the 1928 silent film of Wedekind's *Pandora's Box*—which may partly account for Shade's tendency to play the role as a jazz-age vamp.

As Dr. Schön, Lulu's patron, husband and prime victim, Bass-Baritone William Dooley mordantly conveys the opera's central drama of worldly power and rationality being ravaged by the primal erotic instinct. Among other solid supporting performances, Bass-Baritone Andrew Foldi is funny and touching as Schigolch, the old man who may be Lulu's father and who is as good a key as any to Berg's newly retrieved third act. Schigolch is the none too comforting image of what is left after passion and violence are spent: a scrabbling, wheezy, lecherous rag bag of a survivor.

—C.P.

## Milestones

**BORN.** To Donny Osmond, 21, co-host of TV's *Donny & Marie* show, and Debra Glenn Osmond, 20: a son, their first child; in Provo, Utah. Name: Donald Clark Jr.

**BORN.** To Jimmy Connors, 26, perennially petulant tennis star, and Patti McGuire Connors, 27, *Playboy*'s 1977 Playmate of the Year: a son, their first child; in Los Angeles. Name: Brett David.

**DIED.** Thurman Munson, 32, captain of the Yankees and one of baseball's great catchers; when the small jet he was piloting crashed just short of an airport runway; near Canton, Ohio (see SPORT).

**DIED.** Henry Robbins, 51, distinguished editor in chief of E.P. Dutton's trade book division whose imprint, "A Henry Robbins Book," appears on the current bestseller by John Irving, *The World According to Garp*; of a heart attack; in a New York City subway station.

**DIED.** Jules Irving, 54, co-founder and co-director, with Herb Blau, of the San Francisco Actor's Workshop (1952-65), artistic director of Lincoln Center's Repertory Theater and experimental Forum (1967-73), and later a TV director (*Rich Man, Poor Man*); of a heart attack; in Reno.

**DIED.** William S. Todman, 62, pioneering radio and TV producer who, with his partner Mark Goodson, pioneered the game show, creating TV's current smash hit *Family Feud* and *What's My Line?*, which ran for 17½ years; following heart surgery; in New York City. In addition to employing 90 television researchers in the search for convincing impostors for *To Tell the Truth* and offbeat confessions for *I've Got a Secret*, the "Gold Dust Twins" built a communications empire that once included 17 newspapers.

**DIED.** George Seaton, 68, prolific, perdurable screenwriter (*The Song of Bernadette*, 1944), producer (*The Bridges at Toko-Ri*, 1955) and director (*Airport*, 1970); of cancer; in Beverly Hills, Calif. The original Lone Ranger on radio, at 22 Seaton went to Hollywood to work on comedy scripts, including the 1937 Marx Brothers' *A Day at the Races*. At 28 he began a partnership with Producer William Perlberg that brought Seaton two Oscars: for the screenplay *Miracle on 34th Street* (1947) and for his adaptation of the Clifford Odets play *The Country Girl* (1954).

**DIED.** Herbert Marcuse, 81, Marxist philosopher and guru of '60s youth; of a stroke; while visiting in Starnberg, West Germany (see NATION).

**DIED.** Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, 88, chief of the Vatican's Holy Office under Pius XII and John XXIII and self-described "policeman" of the Roman Catholic faith; of bronchial pneumonia; in Vatican City (see RELIGION).



## Press

### "The World's Oldest Surfer"

*A California publisher becomes au Courant in Connecticut*

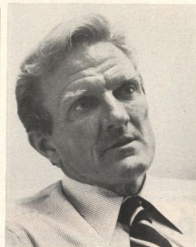
For decades the Los Angeles *Times* was little more than the instrument with which the Chandler family, its sole owners since 1886, scooped out a financial and social empire in Southern California. Real estate deals dictated editorial policy, and news columns seldom threatened the good names and growing fortunes of local business interests. Humorist S.J. Perelman once wrote of a cross-country train trip: "I asked the porter to get me a newspaper and unfortunately the poor man, hard of hearing, brought me the Los Angeles *Times*."

Times, and the Los Angeles *Times*, have changed. The crucial difference is Otis Chandler, 51, who became publisher in 1960. Though his father Norman had made the *Times* a serious paper, Otis made it one of the nation's best, and turned its parent Times Mirror Co. into a vast communications empire. Times Mirror owns five other newspapers, two television stations, two cable TV companies, five magazines, three book clubs, seven book-publishing companies and extensive paper and forest holdings. Revenues last year topped \$1.4 billion, and David Halberstam in his bestselling *The Powers That Be* calls the newspaper "a comet in constant ascent."

This month Chandler's comet will acquire an important East Coast associate, the Hartford *Courant* (circ. 218,000). Connecticut's largest and one of the nation's oldest dailies, the *Courant* (pronounced current) covered the Boston Tea Party and counted George Washington among its readers. *Courant* employees and retirees, who own most of its stock, turned down a \$133-a-share takeover bid last fall by Capital Cities Communications, a media conglomerate with a reputation for rough labor dealings. There was little opposition to Times Mirror, however. The firm made a better offer—\$200 a share, or \$105.6 million—which will make a few *Courant* associates millionaires. And many staffers were impressed by the company's reputation for journalistic excellence. As one secretary put it: "If I have to be married, I'd rather be married to a prince than a frog."

Chandler generally improves what his firm buys. At the Dallas *Times Herald*, for example, the editorial budget has been doubled and news columns increased by 30% since Times Mirror took over in 1969. Says David Laventhol, publisher of Long Island's *Newsday*, acquired in 1970: "Chandler has a good sense of the need for local autonomy."

Despite his place in the family dynasty, Otis Chandler learned the business from the bottom up. After he returned



Los Angeles *Times*'s Otis Chandler



The big-game hunter with stuffed cougar, motorcycle and \$4 million auto collection

"I'm trying to be a salesman for the West Coast."

from the Korean War, his hard-driving mother, Buff Chandler, now 78 and still the *grande dame* of the Los Angeles cultural establishment, gave him one week-end off, then started him on a seven-year grind that took him from the mail room to the city room. Chandler is quick to deny any implication that he is his mother's masterpiece: "Her influence on the paper since I've been publisher has not been significant at all."

Chandler has approached both work and play with that same drive to prove himself. A big-game hunter who says his sport has taken him to "all the high moun-

tains of the world," Chandler is also a motorcycle enthusiast, weight lifter and former Stanford University shotputter who made the Olympic team in 1952. Tall, tanned and blond, Chandler describes himself as "the world's oldest surfer" and regales visitors with tales of riding 12-ft. waves. He owns a \$4 million fleet of competition cars and antique autos and is, along with friend Paul Newman, one of the oldest active international race-car drivers. "It was one of those things I always wanted to do," says Chandler. A family man with five children, ages 15 to 27, Chandler finally took up the sport because Son Michael, 21, was interested in it.

Employees sometimes mock his youthful vigor ("Here comes Otis dribbling his shotput through the newsroom"). But they generally respect his hands-off policy. When Chandler asked for an advance look at *Times* Media Reporter David Shaw's 1976 story on the newspaper business, Shaw questioned the propriety of Chandler's request and the publisher backed down.

*Times* staffers have good reason to like Chandler; during his years as publisher,

the *Times* has grown from a paper with only one foreign correspondent to one with 19 overseas bureaus and eleven in the U.S. The once tiny Washington office is now staffed by 26 correspondents, one of the largest crews in the capital.

Like Los Angeles, the *Times* tends to sprawl: 350 columns of news a day vs. 160 for the New York *Times*, and stories that "jump" from page to page to page before concluding. "You don't read the Los Angeles *Times*," jokes a subscriber. "You weigh it." Yet the *Times* has become known as a writers' paper, running well-researched stories averaging 2,000 words



# EARLY TIMES. THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.



**1880. A Sunday outing on San Francisco Bay.**

*And you may be sure that when men who knew how to live got together, they enjoyed the finest Kentucky whisky money could buy.*

*What else but Early Times?*

*Even though it had to be shipped across the continent, it was worth waiting for.*

**Today, the taste of Early Times is just as prized.**

*Because we're still slow-distilling it the same way we did in 1860 when we began.*

*The pleasure hasn't changed. It's just easier to come by.*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL.  
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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# The Vantage Point

Where great taste and  
low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich "Flavor Impact"™ tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

## Stuck with a Magazine's Genes

daily. "No one else is doing that kind of newspaper journalism," boasts Chandler. "It's analogous to a daily newsmagazine."

Despite early caution about the DC-10 (McDonnell Douglas has old Chandler connections), the *Times* was the first news organization to send a reporter to Oklahoma City to check on previous malfunctions of the plane that caused America's worst air disaster. The California Supreme Court is still in turmoil as a result of last November's *Times* story reporting that the court withheld politically sensitive decisions until after the election. And the *Times* put three months and about \$2 million into a 32-page special section on oil-rich Mexico published July 15.

Some critics, however, claim that Chandler has emphasized national and foreign coverage at the expense of local news. Until 1977 the *Times* had only two reporters covering city hall. The paper missed a scandal in its own backyard when Columbia Pictures Executive David Begelman in 1977 was accused of financial improprieties; the *Times*'s first substantial piece on "Hollywoodgate" was a condensed version of a Washington *Post* story. Minorities complain that Chandler cares more about covering Mexico than Hispanic East Los Angeles. In January, for instance, the *Times* virtually ignored a story about the death of Eula Love, a black woman shot eight times by two policemen. More than three months later, after *Esquire* mentioned the *Times*'s omission, the paper printed a front-page story about the shooting. (The *Times* did run a piece by David Shaw last month confessing the Begelman and Love failures.) "I would be willing to make the investment on those communities if I felt I knew how to do it," says Chandler. "But I don't."

Such misses undermine one of Chandler's goals: to make the rest of the country take California, and the *Times*, seriously. The Eastern press ignored a front-page *Times* story on June 29 revealing that former HEW Secretary Joseph Califano had been reprimanded by Vice President Mondale at the request of Carter. A month later Califano's departure came as too much of a surprise to much of Washington. "Had the story got East Coast play," says *Times* Washington Bureau Chief Jack Nelson, "it would undoubtedly have had more impact." Chandler's growing presence in the Greater New York area newspaper market (small dailies in suburban Stamford and Greenwich, as well as *Newsday* and, now, the *Courant*) is his way of breaking into the New York-Washington news axis. Chandler says it is merely good business. Yet during the past year he has taken out full-page ads in the New York *Times*, Washington *Post* and *Wall Street Journal* to reprint some notable Los Angeles *Times* stories and demonstrate his newspaper's quality. "I'm trying to be a salesman for the West Coast," says Chandler. "We do not yet receive the recognition that is due us."

The revived *Look* is sinking, but *LIFE*, reborn as a monthly, is doing well. *Esquire*, older than either of them, has had its ups and downs, and now has a new ownership seeking to restore it. Any magazine that has been around a while has genes that are risky to tamper with, according to Editor Clay Felker, who in less than two rocky years lost \$5 million to \$7 million of his own and his British backers' money in trying to turn *Esquire* around.

*Esquire*'s sturdy genes go back to Depression 1933, when the posh magazine was launched for sale in men's clothing stores instead of on newsstands and cost 50¢ while the *Saturday Evening Post* sold for a nickel. It promoted men's fashions, a merchandising emphasis that continues to this day. But a part of the editorial genius of its founding editor Arnold Gingrich was a taste for good writing. At a time when Ernest Hemingway's stories were too unconventional for the *Post*, Gingrich admirably sent him free slacks and a windbreaker, and got him as a regular contributor. For *Esquire*'s first issue, Hemingway brought with him Ring Lardner Jr. and John Dos Passos. Gingrich believed that an editor edits best who edits least. *Esquire*'s third element was sex—from the Petty and Varga pinups to harem cartoons—which got the magazine in early trouble with the postal authorities.

The themes sometimes got lost in the variations. During World War II, *Esquire* concentrated on sports, pinups and adventure fiction; Gingrich, who had left the magazine, had to be invited back to give it intellectual tone again. At this point Hugh Hefner, a circulation promotion writer at *Esquire*, decided to start a magazine of his own, freely borrowing *Esquire*'s formula while gambling that the courts might now be more lenient about nudity. Instead of Esqy the bug-eyed lecher as a trademark, Hefner created the Bunny. Facing *Playboy*'s runaway success but unwilling to become a "skin book," *Esquire* made a wobbly retreat from barbershop sexism. Soon its advertising men protested that *Esquire* had become too stuffy and intellectual.

But some of *Esquire*'s best years were the 1960s, when its editors' carefree irreverence suited the disillusion and cynicism of the times. The magazine's New Journalism brought the techniques of the novelist to matters of fact: profiles were not concentrates of fact gathering but freewheeling, pinwheeling displays of the authors' prejudices. Tom Wolfe and Gay Talese could be wonderfully readable ("I don't deal in direct quotations," explained Talese, "I'm into what people think"). Meanwhile, *Esquire*'s black-humor covers became intentionally outrageous, such as posing a benign Lieut. William Calley with a group of Asian children. The magazine's basic outlook, said Harold Hayes, one of its best editors, was to be "smart-ass."

Another word for it is nihilistic. It was brilliant to assign Norman Mailer to cover the 1964 political conventions; it was sick to have 1968 covered by the French playwright Jean Genet, Novelist William Burroughs (*Naked Lunch*) and Beat Poet Allen Ginsberg. That same nihilistic strain infected the magazine's outworn Dubious Achievement Awards, apparently meant for readers of *Mad* magazine who had aged but not grown up.

Clay Felker, returning in 1977 as a majority owner of the magazine he had once worked on, portentously declared that the "new *Esquire*" would provide "the civilizing function for today's professional or managerial man"—a kind of Madison Avenue gibberish that could only confuse readers. He added a lot of business stories. But *Esquire*'s genes caught up with Felker: "I made the mistake of trying to change the magazine too much."

*Esquire*'s new editor is 32; the publisher, a one-time college friend of his, is 31. Editor Phillip Moffitt, having now reached the average *Esquire* reader's age (the 30s), is sure he knows exactly what his generation wants: less of the old smart-ass. Moffitt's generation, he says, saw the emptiness of their parents' lives, but have now outgrown their own cynicism. Economically, "they assume they can make it, if they work," says Moffitt. So "after survival needs, they want to know who they are, they want more meaningful vacations, careers and relationships." They also want to be "better consumers." (That oldtime *Esquire* merchandising again!) Moffitt is hardly nihilistic. He wants *Esquire* to provide helpful guidance to behavior that would leave a fellow "feeling right, feeling good about himself." Back somewhere in the genes, the bug-eyed Esqy must be rolling his eyes about that.



Esquire's symbol



## Show Business

COVER STORY

# Hollywood's Whiz Kids

*A bouquet of fresh faces to light up the screen*

**T**he pessimist's short catechism—"It will get worse, it will get worse, it will get worse"—applies to tennis elbow, OPEC exactions, the seven ages of man, Skylab, the Middle East, airline food, the New Conservatism, college tuition, smog and the length and lack of substance of presidential campaigns. It does not apply to 17-year locusts—they come and they go—or, it is startling to realize, to movies. Just now, for instance, a trend is flowering unexpectedly and delightfully: for some reason that no one even pretends to be able to explain, an unusual number of extremely gifted young women—girls really—are making their presence felt in films.

Typically, these whiz kids were barely in their teens, or even younger, when they started to act. Diane Lane was 13 when she shot her first film, *A Little Romance*, last year. Mariel Hemingway, 17, who plays Woody Allen's very young lover in *Manhattan*, was 13 when she began her movie career as the younger sister of the character played by her own sister Margaux in a gaudy and brutal film called *Lipstick*. Linda Manz, the tough little New York City street kid whose scarred face and back-alley accent gave a saving balance to the prettiness of Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven*, is the oldest of the lot at nearly 18, but she looks the youngest; in the Malick film, shot three years ago, she seems no older than twelve. Brooke Shields, 14, appeared in *Alice, Sweet Alice* at nine. Tatum O'Neal, who is 15 now, broke into the big time at nine, playing her dead-end father Ryan's dead-end kid in *Paper Moon*. Some of the roles these child-women have taken are precociously and shockingly erotic, and some are proper and conventional. But whatever they are asked to do, these surprising children and their adventurous directors are showing the camera new ways to look at the young.

It is an unsettling view. An adolescent stumbles through a fog of self-fascination, with no clear view of himself; then, by the time he is grown and has children of his own, a swirl of love and rage occludes his perception of them. Literature offers a useful look, but most often it

is a look at that minority of tormented adolescents whose members grow up to write novels about the pain of puberty, not the joy. Films of the traditional sort did not risk truth-telling, largely because of the hoo-doo of sex. What they gave us was Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland sipping one soda through two straws. The suggestion that Judy wore a bra, and that Mickey might have wanted to unhook it, would have been so unthinkable that to mention it, even now, seems boorish.

Yet two of the most memorable portrayals in recent films were of twelve-year-old prostitutes, and they were played

proprio to the violation of a taboo. Thus a distortion that falsified whole characterizations has been removed. To see the difference, one need only watch television drama, where the taboo still holds.

In an episode of ABC's popular series *Family*, the tomboyish daughter Buddy, 16, played by Kristy McNichol, also 16, was getting pressure from her boyfriend Zack (Leif Garrett) to sleep with him. Buddy didn't feel ready for sex, but another teen queen was buzzing seductively around Zack, and Buddy didn't want to lose him. Would she or wouldn't she? Since this was TV, the answer is not hard

to guess. Buddy's decision to remain chaste was realistic for a girl her age. Going to bed with Zack also might have been realistic, except that television's conservatism, especially in hit series, ruled it out. The show was not really about making a choice; it was a coy and irritating tease.

A slightly easier problem is confronted in *A Little Romance*, the new film starring Diane Lane. Lane has a dizzying breadth of untroubled brow, a braces-just-came-off prettiness and a shy grin. Where McNichol's Buddy role forces her toward cuteness, Lane is allowed to play a real kid. She is Lauren, an American child living in Paris, who falls in love with Daniel (The-lonious Bernard), a French boy just her age. Parents get in the way, but the children find an ally in an elderly French wind-

bag (played foxily by Laurence Olivier) who says that he is a retired diplomat, but who turns out to be an unretired pickpocket.

Soon the three of them have given the adult world the skip, and are running away toward Venice, where the lovers intend to bind themselves together for eternity by kissing in a gondola under the Bridge of Sighs. This agreeable silliness works because the script by Allan Burns is sharp and funny, the two young actors are fresh and effective, Olivier is a howl, and Director George Roy Hill (*Butch Cassidy, The Sting*) has a fine comic touch.

Talent helps. But another reason the film succeeds is that Director Hill allows the kids to be madly romantic—they are 13, it's the right age—without sentiment-



Lane and Bernard in *A Little Romance*

*It was fun, but she really had John Travolta in mind.*

by girls who really were twelve—Brooke Shields in Louis Malle's misty legend of 1917 New Orleans, *Pretty Baby*, and Jodie Foster in Martin Scorsese's contemporary shocker, *Taxi Driver*. Each movie caused a mild outcry, but the general reaction was nervous acceptance. The phenomenon they dealt with was real enough; as Malle took to pointing out, you can hire a twelve-year-old whore any night on Manhattan's Eighth Avenue.

The two movies about subteen hookers did not, as some people feared, lead to a succession of increasingly pornographic feature films starring moppets. Instead their effect seems to have been to clear the air, so that the sexuality of the very young can now be dealt with without the eye rolling formerly considered ap-





Lane: a braces-just-came-off prettiness

talizing them. The ceremonial kiss in the gondola is the movie's steamiest scene, and active sexuality for these two is well in the future. But there is no pretense that it is not coming. Daniel and a buddy persuade Lauren to see a porno flick. She watches for a few minutes, then walks out, feeling sick. Daniel follows, ashamed of himself, trying to comfort her. Lauren nods; she is all right. She did not enjoy her view of the hydraulics of sex, but it has done no damage. The viewer feels that real children are, in fact, like this.

"Movie children were not always like real children," says Lamont Johnson, who directed Mariel Hemingway in *Lipstick* and Diane Lane in *Cattle Annie and Little Britches*, a western film scheduled for release next spring. "Until about a decade ago, girls were dainty untouchables, unless they were little mutts. Hollywood had a Latin view of them, the whore or the madonna." If a script called for a very young girl to play a suggestive role, directors looked around for slightly built older actresses. When the film version of Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* appeared in 1962, it was considered scandalous that Sue Lyon, a not particularly slight 14 when she was selected for the role, was so young. Actually she was old to play the part, because Nabokov's Humbert Humbert was fascinated by seductive little girls only until they reached puberty.

If *Lolita* were to be filmed now, the title role would be played by an eleven- or twelve-year-old, and the controversy, if any, would be about how well she acted.

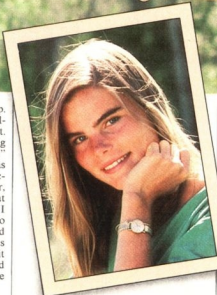
"I look first to see if the eyes are wide open and if they express intelligence," says François Truffaut, whose films about children include the haunting *The 400 Blows* and *Small Change*. Truffaut also looks for "vivacity, above all vivacity." He usually does not prepare a detailed script for children. "I prefer giving them the essential ideas of the scene, and then letting them express the ideas with their own

vocabulary. I think that's the biggest difference." Adolescent actors sometimes get the giggles, reports Truffaut, but they rarely have inhibitions, at least at the beginning. Says he: "They usually get scared on the third film."

Truffaut may be underestimating the coolness of the newest wave of young actresses. Brooke Shields smiles sweetly when told of his theory. "I don't think I've ever gotten nervous, and I have done six films," says she. (Four have not yet been released; the most recent to appear is *Just You and Me, Kid*, with George Burns, 83.)

Hill says that sometimes acting comes more easily to children "if you make it a game of make-believe or fooling people. That's what acting really is, anyway." Once kids think of moviemaking as a game, he says, "they will do all kinds of things to fool you." He took a somewhat different approach with the two young stars of *A Little Romance*, "since on a romantic level it's an adult movie." The initial problem seemed to be that Theloniou Bernard was very shy with Diane Lane. "It was mostly the language thing," says Hill (Thelo at first spoke almost no English, though he learned fast). To solve the chemistry problem, he says, "I made them hold hands and not break eye contact for ten minutes. Soon they started giggling, then arguing, and then breaking

## Show Business



into gales of laughter." Thelo loosened up. And when Olivier was around, "it was almost like having three kids on the set. He'd joke with them, without patronizing them. He always tried to break them up."

The mood on the *Pretty Baby* set was quite different. Shields recalls that Director Malle "usually talked to my mother, not me. She'd come back and tell me what he said. He was afraid to talk to me, I think. In the beginning, on the set, no one knew what to say to me. Then I tried to talk to the people on the set more as an adult than a little kid. After that it was fun. In the beginning Malle directed me more than the others, but soon we were all treated the same."

**T**heir first auditions, the moments when someone looked and guessed correctly that the Arriflex cameras would like what they saw, are so far in the past for some of these veterans that it is hard for them to remember how they felt. Lane, who was six when she won a role in a La Mama Theater production of *Medea*—in Greek—was asked to say words backwards to determine her linguistic facility. Shields had to smash plates, because the young whore in *Pretty Baby* has a scene in which she smashes glass photographic plates. Mariel Hemingway did not have to go through an audition; as *Lipstick* began to take form, someone mentioned to her older sister Margaux, the star, that a girl had to be found to play her younger sister. Margaux thought of Mariel, and a few months later critics were saying that this serious, chubby-faced 13-year-old was the better actress. Tatum O'Neal auditioned for her role in *Paper Moon* without knowing what was going on. Director Peter Bogdanovich dropped by the O'Neal house, and Tatum's cool backchat persuaded him to hire her.

### Hemingway: cheekbones and spring-fed soul

Linda Manz went to school one day three years ago in Manhattan—something she did not always do—and was told that a casting agent named Barbara Claman had put out a call for street kids. Manz, tough and wiry, an alley cat, swaggered into Claman's office and bummed a cigarette; if nothing else came of the interview, she would be one smoke to the good. She remembers that Claman "told me to pretend that I got busted for pick-pocketing and that I didn't do it and I was telling the cop about it. So I just let loose with some four-letter words, and I think that did it."

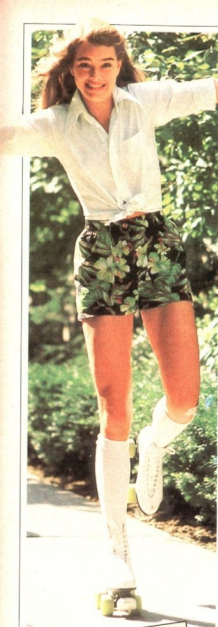
Whatever did it, Manz, like the rest of this season's crop of wild flowers, bloomed quickly. A look at the garden:

**Diane Lane.** She was just back from ten dusty weeks in Durango, Mexico, where she had filmed *Cattle Annie* and *Little Britches* with Burt Lancaster and Amanda Plummer. "Every day was the same," complained Lane. Also, she said, there was no Bubble Yum. "I always wanted

to do a western," she sighs. "Zip, there goes another childhood dream." In Los Angeles not long ago for photo sessions at Walt Disney Productions, for which she is about to do *A Watcher in the Woods*, she sported black cord jeans, yellow tank top and hair tucked up under a San Luis Obispo Rugby Club cap (a gift from her acquaintance Steve Ford). She talks funnily about *A Little Romance*, confessing mock disappointment over the casting of Thelo Bernard ("I had John Travolta more in mind") and noting that Thelo did not want to kiss her ("We had to shoot it seven times"). She says she learned poise at six, in *Medea*, for which she memorized her Greek lines phonetically. "I was one of Medea's children and was supposed to be dead in this man's arms," she recalls. "I was trying to be limp and all of a sudden, I gotta go and I can't hold it in. So I pee all over him in front of the audience. Oh, I did my face! Go to the bathroom first is what I learned."

Diane played her child-prostitute role in the Public Theater production of Elizabeth Swados' *Runaways*, and turned down a chance to follow the show to Broadway in order to film *A Little Romance*. She has visited Paris nine times, but she can talk with animation about her favorite skateboard run, under the 59th Street Bridge in Manhattan. Or she can coolly run down her reasons for rejecting a part in a forthcoming movie because it entailed undressing. "It's too soon for that. I decided not to take it because there were too many ifs about how it would be edited, how it would be publicized."

As she makes this convincing speech, her father/manager, Burt Lane, enters the conversation and steps all over her fine performance. He was the one, he insists, who urged her not to take the role. Burt, a former real estate salesman, is now a



cab driver, and he took the job because the flexibility of its hours lets him shepherd Diane through her career. Diane's parents were divorced when she was two weeks old, and she grew up living with her father in a series of Manhattan residential hotels. Diane's mother, with whom she has "a good relationship these days," she says, is an interior decorator in Georgia.

**S**he earned \$13,000 for *A Little Romance*; for *Watcher* her fee is \$75,000. "Essentially, it's my social life with boys that is being sacrificed," says Diane. She attends a school for professional children when she is in New York, and "I'm nervous walking into a school dance." She is afraid that boys will think she doesn't want to be bothered by such unprofessional matters as dating. The trouble with that, she says a little plaintively, is that "I want to be bothered."

**Mariel Hemingway.** Her latest film is Woody Allen's *Manhattan*, and she is the most striking figure in it, a girl whose extraordinary face—all cheekbones and eyebrows and spring-fed soul—is lit with love for the 42-year-old bumbler played by Allen. Yet it is hard to imagine her living in New York. Mariel Hemingway does share an apartment there with another young actress when she is in town, but this summer she is hanging out at her parents' home in Ketchum, Idaho, next door to Sun Valley, and that is where she seems to belong. Ketchum was a favorite place of her grandfather, Ernest Hemingway, and it was there, four months before Mariel was born, that he committed suicide. Mariel, up at 6:30 a.m. for a run with the family's two Labradors, dirty-

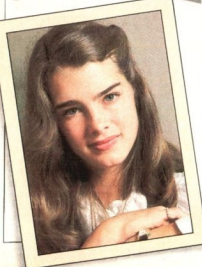
**O'Neal: trim and poised, a breed apart**

blond ponytail bouncing, is hardly a brooder about the past. "People tell me I look like him. I dunno. I never really thought about being his granddaughter."

City Mouse Woody Allen (who became a friend during the shooting of *Manhattan*, though she finds the rumor that he was actually her lover grotesquely silly) couldn't understand Mariel's attraction to Ketchum. "What do people do out there after dinner?" he would ask. Well, they ski in the Sawtooth Mountains, ride horses through the cottonwoods by the Big Wood River, work out on the trampoline, drive into town for an ice cream cone (Mariel is a vegetarian who also disapproves of refined sugar, and she eats her cone with a stop-me-before-I-lick-again expression). They also grow big and strong; nearly 5 ft. 11 in., Mariel is a bit shorter than Margaux, 24.

Getting into movies was an accident, Mariel says; it wouldn't have happened if Margaux hadn't become a top model and then an actress. But success hasn't been an accident: "People say now that I'm a natural, and was just playing myself in *Man-*

**Shields: unawed by fame and beauty**





## Show Business

hattan. That's not really right. I was working hard up there." These days, she is limbering up to play a track star in a film by Robert Towne (*Chinatown*, *Shampoo*). The exotic caperings of the coke-and-kink part of the film world seem to have little appeal for her. She flew to the Cannes festival with her father Jack for a screening of *Manhattan*, got sick just before the film's final scene and had to leave the theater. It was coincidence—jet lag and a too-rich meal—but nausea wasn't far from her feeling about the raging egos and the clicking Nikons at Cannes. She applies the standards of Ketchum, which have served her well enough so far, and dismisses the whole scene in her own emphatic teen-age terms: "It was screwy."

**Brooke Shields.** A curiosity of Louis Malle's film *Pretty Baby* is that the only major character who does not seem to be damaged by her life in a Storyville whorehouse is a girl of twelve played by Brooke Shields. An interviewer who meets Brooke and her mother Teri two years after the filming sees a cheerful parallel in real life. "Brookie," as Teri calls her, is a happy, confident teen-ager now, not in the least awed by her fame or the astonishing beauty that caught the world's eye. She appears to love her life, for reasons that seem appropriate: "I get to meet a lot of movie stars. And I wouldn't have a horse now if I weren't an actress."

Moviemaking can be hard, boring work—but not always; and for Brooke, as for some of the other kid actresses, summer filming sometimes provides what other teen-agers might find in an Outward Bound course. During the shooting of *Wanda Nevada*, Brooke got to whoosh through rapids on a raft and ride down a canyon on a mule. Told that Director Peter Fonda had said on the *Tonight* show that she was as good at acting as his father Henry, and better than his sister Jane, Brooke put her hand to her mouth and said, "Oh God, oh my! He said that? ... I don't think that is fair to say about his sister."

She is tall enough (5 ft. 9 in.) to be mistaken occasionally for Mariel Hemingway ("I say, 'No, but thank you. That's a compliment'"), and mature enough to play a character in Columbia Pictures' *The Blue Lagoon* who grapples through a mild love scene, and has a baby. Her parents are divorced, and like other movie kids, she likes location shooting because the set is "like an instant family." But she does see her two half sisters and her stepsister at her Helena Rubinstein executive father's house on Long Island. What may be most reassuring about this child, who has been modeling since she did a soap commercial at the age of eleven months and asks \$325,000 a movie, is that her conversation is the kind an adult tunes out, comfortable in the



Manz: street-corner scuffer with old eyes

knowledge that things are all right: "Like this weekend at my dad's house, a kid came in while we were watching television. And he kept staring at me. I couldn't believe it. Then we got up and we had to fix our mopeds. You could tell he was acting differently. It doesn't annoy me if he's cute, and he was really cute."

**Tatum O'Neal.** Zits are not allowed, baby fat is too dreary to think about, adolescent awkwardness is for other kids, and braces, if any, are done by Calvin Klein. Movie kids are a breed apart, and at 15, tall, slim, poised Tatum O'Neal proves the point. She has just finished starring as a shy, rich girl in Paramount Pictures' *Little Darlings*, scheduled for release next year. She is thoroughly at home in Manhattan's Pierre Hotel, visiting the city with her father. Yet Tatum says she has reached the awkward age, and from a professional point of view she is right. She can't play little girls now, and she is aware that her best film role was her first, that of the rascally little kid in *Paper Moon*. She says that she could play a 16-year-old or 17-year-old now, "but 18 is taking a chance. I can't have romances with older guys yet. Maybe next year the scripts will get more interesting, not so bubble-gummy."

She recalls that she was offered the Shields part in *Pretty Baby*. "My dad turned it down. It wasn't right for me three years ago. Brooke has always had the face of a beautiful woman." She seems close to her father, who is her acting coach and manager too. But she sounds a bit defensive when she says, "I respect his judgment; he has been the greatest influence on my life," as if she is aware that Ryan's reputation is that of a great womanizer, not a great influence. Tatum seems jaded just now; she is on the outs with a childhood buddy ("You can't be friends with people who are not in the business; they are basically jealous"), and thinks that drugs and surfing, the normal amusements of rich, 15-year-old Los Angeles kids, are time wasters. "I think it is best that I grew up as fast as I did," she says. "I have a productive thing going. Those poor kids have nothing. Their parents leave them with maids."

Like Shields, who is a friendly acquaintance, Tatum feels most comfortable on a movie set. "You know everybody; it's like a family." She travels with Diane Lewis, a woman in her early 30s who has been her companion since she was small, and a friend called Esme, who is also her stand-in. Her only complaint about moviemaking is that in California—though not in England, where she filmed *International Velvet*—the law requires that child actors go to school for at least four hours a day. "On *Little Darlings*, the picture I just finished, we got in about three hours of work a day, what with lunch and makeup." This month



## Brats and Perfect People

All right, maybe the little cutup over there in the corner will never be Roddy McDowall in *How Green Was My Valley*. And maybe the princess maneuvering her Barbies around the doll house will never be Elizabeth Taylor in *National Velvet* or Jean Simmons making her way through *Great Expectations* and Olivier's *Hamlet* with certainty and erotic grace. But to one degree or another, most kids—even yours—are actors anyway. Before a camera, most could be great if they did not learn, for whatever reasons of self-defense, to be cute and lovable. They turn into the celluloid brats who curdled their way through most Hollywood films of the '30s and '40s. Small wonder it always seemed so meet and funny when the toe of W.C. Fields' brogue met the back of Baby LeRoy's diaper.

Fields was using Baby LeRoy's posterior to administer a blunt point of protest about the prevailing school of American movie acting, juvenile division. Chaplin had done his best to counter cuteness and establish a kind of enhanced naturalism when he cast Jackie Coogan in *The Kid* in 1920. Coogan had no guile in him and a heart as wide as a boulevard. When Coogan is forcibly separated from the Tramp, his adoptive father, his cries of desperation can be heard plainly even in this silent film.

With few exceptions, like the children in King Vidor's *The Crowd*, and Jackie Cooper in Vidor's *The Champ*, kids in those days were usually required to unbottle buckets of maple syrup. Think about the death of Rhett Butler's beloved Bonnie Blue in *Gone With the Wind*. The little actress, Cammie King, is such a vision of hatefulness in her taffeta gowns, ringlets that curl like maypoles and a voice full of squiggles, that one feels less sympathy at her demise than at the death of her pony. The animal is shot for throwing her, but ascends to equine heaven with the prayers and thanks of a grateful audience.

It took a fair amount of brass and something like genius to transcend these limitations. Judy Garland in *Wizard of Oz* and Mickey Rooney in *Boys' Town* did it by the sheer force of their gift. But toward the close of World War II, styles changed. Child actors started to carry their share of the weight of heightened political and social reality. "I think it is the most hopeful business of movies to find the perfect people rather than the perfect artists," wrote James Agee in a review of *National Velvet* that was like a prose sonnet to the young Elizabeth Taylor. Hardly a month before, Margaret O'Brien had appeared in *Meet Me in St. Louis*, contributing a turn that combined show-biz razzle-dazzle and pulverizing emotional honesty. Her Halloween night walk down to the dark end of the street, toward an old house that loomed before her with the architecture of every childhood nightmare and the threat of every young uncertainty, was as scary and as true as movie acting ever gets.

O'Brien was a figure of unintentional transition. After the war directors like Roberto Rossellini and Vittorio De Sica took kids right off the streets of

Rome. In England, Director Carol Reed put Bobby Henrey in Graham Greene's exacting psychological study, *The Fallen Idol*, which was about the abrupt and shattering end of childhood.

American film makers, slicker and warier, searched for directness in youngsters who also had good looks. Natalie Wood, in *Miracle on 34th Street*, was artlessly worldly. Dean Stockwell, almost romantically handsome, gave a performance of fearless vulnerability in *Down to the Sea in Ships*.

Stockwell had much in common with Roddy McDowall, who earlier in John Ford's *How Green Was My Valley* had been one of the first young actors to combine sensitivity and uncertainty without losing the basic strength of childhood. They both anticipated the dreaminess and longing of Brandon De Wilde in *Shane* as the kid for whom the gunfighter on a horse became a white knight.

Lately, no one has used children so well, or so lovingly, as François Truffaut. Jean-Pierre Léaud—one of Agee's "perfect people"—found the full range of adolescent feeling in *The 400 Blows*. The roots of the performance could be traced to Jean Vigo, whose *Zéro pour Conduct* (1933), made with no professional kids, is still the screen's greatest poem to youthful anarchy. *The 400 Blows* exerted a strong influence on George Roy Hill, who in 1964 made *The World of Henry Orient*, which is

about two lovesick Manhattan schoolgirls. As Merrie Spaeth and Tippy Walker scrambled across the city, energized but unaffected, they seemed all that could be hoped for in actors of any age.

Meanwhile, there were intimations of dark things from abroad. *Lord of the Flies* featured an island full of shipwrecked kids enacting a parable of original sin, and *Our Mother's House* was populated by a family of true charmers who kept their dead mother's body in the garden.

*The Exorcist* stirred the black undercurrents of movies like these into a raging tide of levitating beds and spinning heads. Through all this, Linda Blair remained determinedly professional. The boomlet of satanic kiddie movies like *The Omen* has not entirely receded. Consequently, there has been a small reaction back toward the Shirley Temple style. Quinn Cummings' appearances in *The Goodbye Girl* and TV's *Family* stir memories of dear Bonnie Blue.

One sign of hope: casting a new version of *Little Miss Marker*, Director Walter Bernstein resolved to find someone fresh and preferably nonprofessional for the role that made Shirley Temple famous. He found Sara Stimson, 6, at an open casting call. She had never acted before. And she could be anyone's daughter, even yours.



Rooney and Taylor in *Velvet*



Simmons as Ophelia

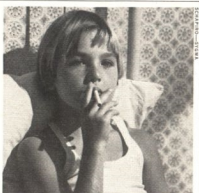


Spaeth and Walker



Charlie and Jackie

## Show Business



Shields, a young bride in *King of the Gypsies*; Manz stealing the show in *Days of Heaven*; O'Neal lighting up in *Paper Moon*

she begins filming *Circle of Two*, a love story about a teen-ager and a painter of 60, played by Richard Burton. Tatum will get \$500,000 and a percent of the gross.

Will she continue acting? She looks surprised. "Sure. God, I don't know what else I could do. They got me when I was a baby." But the thought does not trail off there, and this teen-ager, who has been interviewed too many times, sounds resilient. "I also want to do other things, like open a business, maybe design clothes or go and help people with problems, like help the refugees in those



Allen and Hemingway talk things over in a scene from *Manhattan*

"People say that I'm a natural, but I worked hard there."

**Linda Manz.** "I didn't have to act. I just did it. I was brought up scared, so I act scared." Linda Manz, a street-corner scuffer with old eyes, whose half-deaf mother worked as a cleaning woman in Manhattan, tells about her first film role as Richard Gere's kid sister in *Days of Heaven*. "Ursula was the name of the character at first, but they changed it to Linda, 'cause it was me. It ain't no girl in the 1900s." The film is a strange, dreamlike reminiscence of days when migrant harvesters followed steam-driven threshing machines through the wheatfields of the Texas Panhandle. As in a dream, a flickering story line is overwhelmed by visual images—blowing wheat, threshers outlined against a sunset, locusts darkening the sky. Linda's Second Avenue voice threads through the film, speaking a moody narration, much of which is her own improvisation: "From the time the sun went up, till it went down, they was workin' all the time... Just keep goin'. If you didn't work, they'd ship you right out of there. They don't need ya. They can always get somebody else." The gritty, childish voice holds the film together. Originally, the narration was to have been spoken by Brooke Adams, the older actress who plays Gere's lover. But *Days of Heaven* came to be Linda's film.

"She isn't really an actress yet be-

cause she doesn't have the disciplines," says Barbara Claman, who has become a protective aunt to Linda. "But she's learning very fast." Linda works on dropping her accent. "I took a lesson in Southern, and all you have to do is draw out those words," she says. "I could do a middle-class kid, but I'll never be one. Maybe when I'm 95 and married." She will be 18 this month, but it is not just her 4-ft. 10-in. height that makes her seem younger; her emotions have only just begun to unfold. She has not seen any big money yet. She gives a child's answers to an interviewer's questions. What role would she like best? "A mother, where I could be in control, be in charge." She admires take-charge actors—John Wayne, Jane Fonda.

**L**inda runs the danger of being type-cast forever as a tough runt, which is exactly what she plays in her latest film, *The Wanderers*, a campy teen-age gang movie in which her boyfriend is a shaven-headed, 6-ft. 6-in., 425-lb. tough named Terror. One scene required her to climb a high fence, and she notes, with satisfaction, that she rejected the director's offer of a double. She has a daredevil's face, marked by a scar that runs from the bridge of her once broken nose, across her right eyelid and down nearly to her cheekbone—the result of too many falls in playgrounds. Not long ago, she finished

filming *Orphan Train*, a CBS-TV movie, in which she plays a little girl who runs away from her job as a thief in a whorehouse.

Manz is only beginning to shed the boys-are-creeps stage, and there are times when her most reliable friends seem to be her three cats ("But the cats can't play cards or nothin'"). Her parents split up when she was a baby, and she has fantasies of meeting her father and punching him out. When she returns to her old neighborhood the street kids say, "Hey, there's Little Star," in tones that make her feel not quite comfortable. But working in the movies can be fun, she says. "It can straighten you out. I feel much better now. I used to feel that I was halfway dead."

Claman says that "Linda has always lived on the edge of danger. If she has money, she'll spend it on satin disco pants or gifts for her friends. If she doesn't have money, that's O.K. too. I suspect that Linda wouldn't feel bad if no more acting jobs came up. She'd figure she could get a job working at the corner service station."

Devil's paintbrush, daisies, lupin, blowing in the hay grass, quickly sprouted and gone, lovely but not to be sentimentalized, the dependable product of sun, rain and horse manure. It is hard not to think of Liz Taylor, especially if the thinker happens to have been twelve when she was twelve, all brave and radiant in *National Velvet*. (Teddy Kennedy was twelve then, and so was John Updike, but they had not wandered into the witch's house, were not on public view.) Some of the present class of very young actresses will become fat, will be many times divorced, will forever erase the lying promise of incredible early beauty. Some of these pretty children will do better, some worse, but that is for later, for the unimaginably distant future, for October. Just now the meadow is new.

—John Skow

## Books

### Wreck of a Desperado

THE DUKE OF DECEPTION: MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

by Geoffrey Wolff: Random House; 275 pages; \$12.95

Charles Dickens drew Mr. Micawber straight from the outlines of his own bumbling, eternally optimistic father. When James Joyce created Simon Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*, he took a cold look at his da and virtually transcribed the old man's boozy conversation. Examples proliferate, but the point is clear: lucky the writer who is blessed with a vivid parent. The childhood may have been hellish, but the material supplied by domestic drama can be invaluable. In the endless quest for characters that is a writer's lot, there is simply no starting place like home.

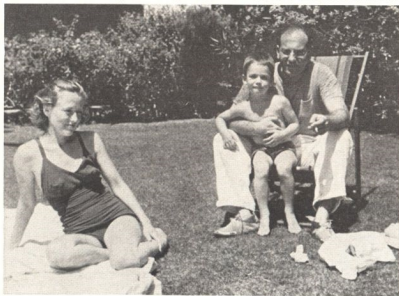
Author Geoffrey Wolff tried to capture his own outlandish grifter of a par-

spent life is absorbing throughout. It is not just the story of "a wreck of a desperado," as he calls the Duke at one point; it is an engrossing, often moving search for the troubled bond between sons and fathers that is known as love.

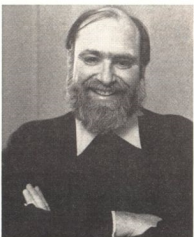
The quest begins with a shock. Upon hearing of his father's death, Wolff blurts out "Thank God." Feeling both self-righteous and ashamed, he decides to plow back into the past, trying to find the man who both made and ruined large swathes of his son's life. A cousin stares at him and says, "He was a gonif, a schnorrer. He was just a bum. That's all he ever was." Wolff decides that the man he once adored must have been more than that.

He traces the record back to the Duke's childhood as the pampered son of a stern Hartford physician. "An old and sad story began to unwind," he reports, "of love's shortcut through stuff." Early on, the Duke absorbed the notion that goals could be reached without the bother of achievement. Similarly, inconvenient truths could be wished away. Jewish was not the thing to be in the yacht-club world the Duke aspired to, so he simply erased this fact about himself; he never told his sons about their heritage.

By the time Geoffrey was born his father was a bona fide failure and a sham success. Abortive stays at five prep schools and two colleges were transformed into a gilt-edged education at Groton and Yale. He concocted a dossier that did not even try to make its many falsehoods look plausible. For years he got away with it. He declared himself an aeronautical engineer, a seemingly impossible trade to fake, and was hired by a succession of major firms. During World War II he even performed some valuable services as a liaison between planners and mechanics who worked against the clock to modify bombers. The son notes that his father "was



Geoffrey Wolff with his mother and the Duke at a Los Angeles country club in 1940



Geoffrey Wolff 39 years later

ent in his first novel, *Bad Debts* (1969). In *The Duke of Deception* he tries again, this time discarding fiction and giving the facts a chance. They are colorful but not, at first glance, terribly consequential. Arthur Samuels Wolff, nicknamed Duke for his noble pretensions, was neither famous nor accomplished, except at the art of running up unpaid bills, and even that skill deserted him at the end. To Geoffrey and his younger brother Toby, their father's life was a matter of putting on heirs, of inventing a past that never was and promising a future that could never be. Endless rascality ultimately becomes tedious and irksome; all the world loves a confidence man until it discovers its wallet is missing. Yet Wolff's account of this mis-

#### Excerpt

“Paul and Tommy Scott Ferguson were the strangers at Ramon Navarro's door, up on Laurel Canyon. Charles Manson was the stranger at Rosemary and Leno LaBianca's door, over in Los Feliz. Some strangers at the door knocked, and invented a reason to come inside: a call, say, to the Triple A, about a car not in evidence. Others just opened the door and walked in, and I would come across them in the entrance hall. I recall asking one such stranger what he wanted. We looked at each other for what seemed a long time, and then he saw my husband on the stair landing. 'Chicken Delight,' he said finally, but we had ordered no Chicken Delight, nor was he carrying any. I took the license number of his panel truck. It seems to me now that during those years I was always writing down the license numbers of panel trucks, panel trucks circling the block, panel trucks parked across the street, panel trucks idling at the intersection. I put these license numbers in a dressing-table drawer where they could be found by the police when the time came.”



## Books

### Inspired Wimsey

DOROTHY L. SAYERS, A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY

by Ralph E. Hone

Kent State University; 217 pages; \$15

AS HER WHIMSEY TOOK HER

Edited by Margaret P. Hannay

Kent State University; 301 pages; \$15

never fired for incompetence." But contempt for superiors and the howls of unpaid creditors kept the Wolff family on the run just the same: Farmington (Conn.), Colorado Springs, Hermosa Beach and Chula Vista (Calif.), Birmingham, Dallas, Atlanta, Niagara Falls, New York City, Connecticut again, Sarasota, Seattle. All this before Geoffrey reached his 13th birthday.

Wolff voluntarily followed his father to Seattle, though his mother did not go. His parents later divorced, and he was to see his mother only three times in the next 14 years. With Geoffrey solely his responsibility, the Duke tried to teach by precept what he did not teach by example: "Truth, he told me, was our most powerful bond." Improbably, the old fraud proved to be a good father in most of the ways that matter. Wolff is pitiless in recording his own adolescent faults. Not surprisingly, his impulses led him to boasting, corner cutting, dismissing outside claims on his integrity as irrelevant to his needs. The Duke slapped him down every time. "Be good," he told his son. "Try, at least." Discovering a letter filled with self-serving untruths that Geoffrey had written, the father was gentle: "He told me I was better than I thought, that I didn't need to add to my sum."

**G**eoffrey listened and learned. For some reason, the Duke could not. Here Wolff's narrative becomes baffled. But bafflement seems the only sensible response. What to make of a man who steals his second wife's silver and pawns it to get his son a semester's tuition at Princeton, then charges extravagant sums for clothes on his son's charge accounts? How to explain someone who prints a self-promotional brochure claiming nonexistent books published by McGraw-Hill and then sends a copy to McGraw-Hill? The deceptions grew too outrageous and transparent. Geoffrey began dodging the Duke. With considerable struggle, the son later earned credentials (Choate, Princeton) of a kind that the father had only cherished and claimed. In the early '60s while the Duke went to jail and to seed on the West Coast, the son began a promising journalistic career in the East.

That is how it seemed to end, with the old man dying alone in a California apartment house, apparently two weeks before his body was found. But Wolff discovered that the story had not ended, that his father lived on in him as surely as if the Duke had gone straight, survived and prospered. Running away from paternal demands had been a temporary aberration. "I saw again," Wolff writes, "what I had seen when I was a child, in love with my father as with no one else. He had never repudiated me or seen in my face intimations of his own mortality." In this, at least, the father proved both loving and wise. He was wrong about nearly everything in life except his son, and *The Duke of Deception* is his reward.

—Paul Gray

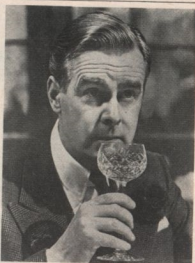
"I had often heard people say that Dorothy Sayers wrote well," remarked Edmund Wilson in "Who Cares Who Killed Roger Ackroyd?" "But, really, she does not write very well: it is simply that she is more consciously literary than most of the other detective story writers..." Despite Wilson's judgment, Sayers and Lord Peter Wimsey, her witty sleuth, have become two of the most beloved figures in detective fiction. An engaging mix of upper-class *sang-froid* and Sherlockian intellect, Wimsey set new standards in highbrow snooping. As viewers of the PBS series can testify, only Wimsey would drive a Daimler to the scene of the crime, sport a monocle, and dine out with marquesses and murderers.

But while Sayers (1893-1957) is famous primarily for her detective stories, Lord Peter was only one of her literary products. A medievalist ("I am a scholar gone wrong," she once remarked), she translated Dante and several early French epics. She wrote feisty essays on the decline of the detective novel, the proper use of English, and, in *Are Women Human?*, male arrogance: "I am occasionally desired by congenial imbeciles and the editors of magazines to say something



Dorothy L. Sayers in 1937

Eccentric and opinionated.



Ian Carmichael as the BBC's Lord Peter

about the writing of detective fiction 'from the woman's point of view.' You might as well ask what is the female angle on an equilateral triangle." Like T.S. Eliot and her friend C.S. Lewis, she was also a tough-minded apologist for Christianity.

As Ralph Hone reveals in his biography of Sayers, she was eccentric, private and opinionated ("Everything she said was a statement, almost an edict," a friend testified). Her minister father began to teach her Latin when Dorothy was barely seven. Her talent for languages lingered: in 1915 she took first-class honors at Somerville College, Oxford, in modern and medieval French. There followed a period in which, as Hone prudishly puts it, she "realized the promises of physical sensuality." After two failed love affairs and an illegitimate son (whom she placed with a country cousin), Sayers married Atherton Fleming, a badly wounded war veteran. She wrote detective novels to supplement her income from an advertising job, but quickly determined to make the genre "become once more a novel of manners instead of a pure crossword puzzle."

**U**nlike C.S. Lewis, Sayers did not come late to religion. It was "no accident," she later wrote, that *Gaudy Night*, her penultimate detective work, and *The Zeal of Thy House*, her first religious drama, were "variations upon a hymn to the Master Maker." During her later years, religion became increasingly important in her life. Hone follows Sayers as, dressed in mannish suits, she made her public rounds of BBC talks and academic lectures. But her private life remains largely a mystery—as does Hone's reason for calling this a "literary biography," since it fails to analyze the books or the career. Instead, he splices together bits of Sayers' life and pieces of her work so that the whole resembles an unfinished puzzle rather than a portrait.

As *Her Wimsey Took Her* fares bet-



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A photograph of two men, one younger and one older, both in business shirts and ties, leaning over a desk. They are working on a detailed architectural model of a building. The older man is using a pair of tweezers to place a small, dark, textured object (possibly a miniature tree or bush) into the model. The younger man is looking on intently. The text "Sometimes you're so busy making money, you don't have time to manage it." is overlaid on the left side of the image.

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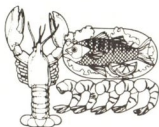
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## Books

ter, largely because it addresses the most fascinating aspect of Sayers' career: how the same sensibility could embrace low crime and high church. "Part of her peculiar genius was to see connections and similarities between situations and concepts that to ordinary people might appear widely different," Alzina Stone Dale notes in one canny essay. The pieces devoted to Sayers' detective fiction show her increasing concern with questions of guilt and punishment, and Lord Peter's corresponding change from a Bertie Wooster type to a man whose conscience is as well-developed as his charm. Similarly, the essays on Sayers' religious dramas show her unique amalgam of piety and earthy wit. "Artists who paint pictures of our Lord in the likeness of a dismal-looking, die-away person, with his hair parted in the middle, ought to be excommunicated for blasphemy," she once argued.

This collection is only a "first critical study," as Editor Margaret Hannay points out. Even so, it works too hard and omits too much. There is no analysis of Sayers' political and social ideas and no assessment of her literary value. There is only one example of her great breadth of knowledge. She once noted that she had ten quotations in mind while describing the church roof in *The Nine Tailors*: "Incredibly aloof, flinging back the light in a dusky shimmer of bright hair and gilded outspread wings, soared the ranked angels..." The allusions ranged from the Bible, Milton and Donne to Keats and T.S. Eliot.

A pity Lord Peter could not write Sayers' biography. He would carefully assemble the clues and evidence, including a previously undiscovered manuscript or two exhumed from a country library. Then, over a bottle of Cockburn '80 port, with Purcell playing softly in the background, he would construct the ideal manuscript: analytic to a fault, but with a touch of inspired whimsy. As it is, Sayers must wait to be rescued from the sort of "unmitigated Grinths" that she deplored among Dante scholars. —Annalyn Swan

## In Bad Humor

### THINGS PAST

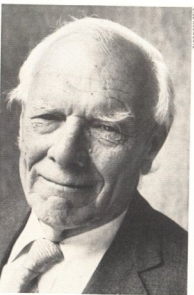
by Malcolm Muggeridge  
Edited by Ian A. Hunter  
Morrow; 252 pages; \$9.95

Very early on, while others dismissed Hitler as an unimportant barbarian, Malcolm Muggeridge described the Nazi rise as a threat to civilization. He also fellow-traveled to the Soviet Union in 1932 and found Joseph Stalin a dangerous influence. Sounding alarms to the readership of the *Guardian* had little effect—except on the Muggeridge style. Soon he was deriding his own trade: "The only fun of journalism is that it puts you in contact with the eminent without being under the

necessity to admire them or take them seriously. It is the ideal profession for those who find power fascinating and its exercise abhorrent."

Wryness was his real profession; by the 1950s, when he was editing *Punch*, it was clear that Muggeridge was one of the saltiest essayists of his time. He went public on English television, as a panelist of dependable perversity. Then he surprised his audience with a book called *Jesus Rediscovered* (1969), and it became known that—contrariness to the contrary—he was a practicing Christian.

*Things Past* is Muggeridge in a strange new vein, neither very comic nor very Christian, if Christianity is assumed to include a measure of charity toward one's fellow man. The collection is arranged to show the development of Muggeridge's attitudes over time, and if it establishes that his religious beliefs are



Malcolm Muggeridge

*Forgetting how to play God's fool.*

longstanding ones, it also shows that the author's store of hope for this imperfect world was exhausted by his disillusionment in Moscow.

After that bitter time in the Soviet, any effort to cure mankind's ailments was written off by Muggeridge as "liberalism," and thus beneath contempt. Education, he finds, "is a stupendous fraud perpetrated by the liberal mind on a bemused public, and calculated, not just not to reduce juvenile delinquency, but positively to increase it, being itself a source of this very thing." As for modern art: "A Picasso, after a lifetime's practice arrives at the style of the cave drawings in the Pyrenees." Progress, for Muggeridge, is arrogant optimism, a shaking of man's tiny fist at God, and its furtherance requires "the final discrediting of the gospel of Christ."

The religion professed by this lively

and resentful man is wholly mystical, limited solely to a perceived oneness with Christ, to be realized in an afterlife. A reader whose mind does not run to mysticism is not likely to be enlightened by the author's remarks on the subject. But the reader can see what Muggeridge has excluded by turning his face from the world. *Things Past* is shot through with melancholy, the lashing-out of a wounded man, a Christian who has forgotten how to play God's fool and a humorist who has misplaced the gift of laughter.

—John Skow

## Editors' Choice

### FICTION: A Bend in the River, V.S.

*Naipaul* • Living in the Maniototo, *Janet Frame* • Mirabell: Books of Number, *James Merrill* • Sleepless Nights, *Elizabeth Hardwick* • Sophie's Choice, *William Styron* • Testimony and Demeanor, *John Casey* • The Living End, *Stanley Elkin*

### NONFICTION: Bay of Pigs, Peter Wyden

*Billy Graham, Marshall Frady* • Blood of Spain, *Ronald Fraser* • I Love: The Story of Vladimir Mayakovsky and Lili Brik, *Ann and Samuel Charters* • The Medusa and the Snail, *Lewis Thomas* • The Neoconservatives, *Peter Steinfels* • The Powers That Be, *David Halberstam*

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. The Matarese Circle, *Ludlum* (1 last week)
2. Sophie's Choice, *Styron* (2)
3. Shibumi, *Trevanian* (4)
4. The Island, *Benchley* (5)
5. Class Reunion, *Jaffe* (6)
6. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (8)
7. Chesapeake, *Michener* (10)
8. The Third World War, *Hackett*, et al. (3)
9. Sphinx, *Cook*
10. The Vicar of Christ, *Murphy*

### NONFICTION

1. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower & Baker* (1)
2. Cruel Shoes, *Martin* (2)
3. The Powers That Be, *Halberstam* (4)
4. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin* with *McGraw* (3)
5. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff* (5)
6. The Bronx Zoo, *Lyle & Goldenbook* (7)
7. The White Album, *Didion* (8)
8. The Medusa and the Snail, *Thomas* (6)
9. Lauren Bacall by Myself, *Bacall* (10)
10. Broca's Brain, *Sagan* (9)

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## Time Essay

# The Great American Cooling Machine

**T**he greatest contribution to civilization in this century may well be air conditioning—and America leads the way." So wrote British Scholar-Politician S.F. Markham 32 years ago when a modern cooling system was still an exotic luxury. In a century that has yielded such treasures as the electric knife, spray-on deodorant and disposable diapers, anybody might question whether air conditioning is the supreme gift. There is not a whiff of doubt, however, that America is far out front in its use. As a matter of lopsided fact, the U.S. today, with a mere 5% of the population, consumes as much man-made coolness as the whole rest of the world put together.

Just as amazing is the speed with which this situation came to be. Air conditioning began to spread in industries as a production aid during World War II. Yet only a generation ago a chilled sanctuary during summer's stewing heat was a happy frill that ordinary people sampled only in movie houses. Today most Americans tend to take air conditioning for granted in homes, offices, factories, stores, theaters, shops, studios, schools, hotels and restaurants. They travel in chilled buses, trains, planes and private cars. Sporting events once associated with open sky and fresh air are increasingly boxed in and air cooled. Skiing still takes place outdoors, but such attractions as tennis, rodeos, football and, alas, even baseball are now often staged in synthetic climates like those of Houston's Astrodome and New Orleans' Superdome. A great many of the country's farming tractors are now, yep, air-conditioned.

It is thus no exaggeration to say that Americans have taken to mechanical cooling avidly and greedily. Many have become all but addicted, refusing to go places that are not air-conditioned. In Atlanta, shoppers in Lenox Square so resented having to endure natural heat while walking outdoors from chilled store to chilled store that the mall management enclosed and air-conditioned the whole sprawling shebang. The widespread whining about Washington's raising of thermostats to a mandatory 78°F suggests that people no longer think of interior coolness as an amenity but consider it a necessity, almost a birthright, like suffrage. The existence of such a view was proved last month when a number of federal judges, sitting too high and mighty to suffer 78°, defied and denounced the Government's energy-saving order to cut back on cooling. Significantly, there was no popular outrage at this judicial insouciance; many citizens probably wished that they could be so high-handed.

Everybody by now is aware that the cost of the American way is enormous, that air conditioning is an energy glut. It uses some 9% of all electricity produced. Such an extravagance merely to provide comfort is peculiarly American and strikingly at odds with all the recent rhetoric about national sacrifice in a period of menacing energy shortages. Other modern industrial nations such as Japan, Germany and France have managed all along to thrive with mere fractions of the man-made coolness used in the U.S., and precious little of that in private dwellings. Here, so profligate has its use become that the air conditioner is almost as glaring a symptom as the automobile of the national tendency to overindulge in every technical possibility, to use every convenience to such excess that the country looks downright coddled.

But not everybody is aware that high cost and easy comfort are merely two of the effects of the vast cooling of America. In fact, air conditioning has substantially altered the country's char-

acter and folkways. With the dog days at hand and the thermostats ostensibly up, it is a good time to begin taking stock of what air conditioning has done besides lower the indoor temperature.

Many of its byproducts are so conspicuous that they are scarcely noticed. To begin with, air conditioning transformed the face of urban America by making possible those glassy, boxy, sealed-in skyscrapers on which the once humane geometries of places like San Francisco, Boston and Manhattan have been impaled. It has been indispensable, no less, to the functioning of sensitive advanced computers, whose high operating temperatures require that they be constantly cooled. Thus, in a very real way, air conditioning has made possible the ascendancy of computerized civilization. Its cooling protection has given rise not only to moon landings, space shuttles and Skylabs but to the depersonalized punch-cardification of society that regularly gets people hot under the collar even in swelter-proof environments. It has also reshaped the national economy and redistributed political power simply by encouraging the burgeoning of the sultry southerly swatch of the country, profoundly influencing major migration trends of people and industry. Sunbelt cities like Phoenix, Atlanta, Dallas and Houston (where shivering indoor frigidity became a mark of status) could never

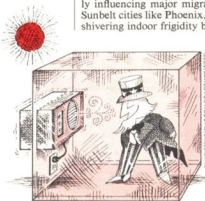
have mushroomed so prosperously without air conditioning; some communities—Las Vegas in the Nevada desert and Lake Havasu City on the Arizona-California border—would shrivel and die overnight if they were turned off.

It has, as well, seduced families into retreating into houses with closed doors and shut windows, reducing the commonality of neighborhood life and all but obsoleting the front-porch society whose open casual folkways were an appealing hallmark of a sweeter America. Is it really surprising

that the public's often noted withdrawal into self-pursuit and privatism has coincided with the epic spread of air conditioning? Though science has little studied how habitual air conditioning affects mind or body, some medical experts suggest that, like other technical avoidance of natural swings in climate, air conditioning may take a toll on the human capacity to adapt to stress. If so, air conditioning is only like many other greatly useful technical developments that liberate man from nature by increasing his productivity and power in some ways—while subtly weakening him in others.

Neither scholars nor pop sociologists have really got around to charting and diagnosing all the changes brought about by air conditioning. Professional observers have for years been preoccupied with the social implications of the automobile and television. Mere glancing analysis suggests that the car and TV, in their most decisive influences on American habits, have been powerfully aided and abetted by air conditioning. The car may have created all those shopping centers in the boondots, but only air conditioning has made them attractive to mass clientele. Similarly, the artificial cooling of the living room undoubtedly helped turn the typical American into a year-round TV addict. Without air conditioning, how many viewers would endure reruns (or even Johnny Carson) on one of those pestilential summer nights that used to send people out to collapse on the lawn or to sleep on the roof?

Many of the side effects of air conditioning are far from



## Essay

being fully pinned down. It is a reasonable suspicion, though, that controlled climate, by inducing Congress to stay in Washington longer than it used to during the swelter season, thus presumably passing more laws, has contributed to bloated Government. One can only speculate that the advent of the supercooled bedroom may be linked to the carnal adventurism associated with the mid-century sexual revolution. Surely it is a fact—if restaurant complaints about raised thermostats are to be believed—that air conditioning induces at least expense-account diners to eat and drink more; if so, it must be credited with adding to the national fat problem.

Perhaps only a sophist might be tempted to tie the spread of air conditioning to the coincidentally rising divorce rate, but every attentive realist must have noticed that even a little window unit can instigate domestic tension and chronic bickering between couples composed of one who likes it on all the time and another who does not. In fact, perhaps surprisingly, not everybody likes air conditioning. The necessarily sealed rooms or buildings make some feel claustrophobic, cut off from the real world. The rush, whirl and clatter of cooling units annoys others. There are even a few eccentrics who object to man-made

cool simply because they like hot weather. Still, the overwhelming majority of Americans have taken to air conditioning like hogs to a wet wallow.

It might be tempting, and even fair, to chastise that vast majority for being spoiled rotten in their cool ascendancy. It would be more just, however, to observe that their great cooling machine carries with it a perpetual price tag that is going to provide continued and increasing chastisement during the energy crisis. Ultimately, the air conditioner, and the hermetic buildings it requires, may turn out to be a more pertinent technical symbol of the American personality than the car. While the car has been a fine sign of the American impulse to dart hither and yon about the world, the mechanical cooler more neatly suggests the maturing national compulsion to flee the natural world in favor of a technological cocoon.

Already architectural designers are toiling to find ways out of the technical trap represented by sealed buildings with immovable glass, ways that might let in some of the naturally cool air outside. Some have lately come up with a remarkable discovery: the openable window. Presumably, that represents progress.

—Frank Trippett

## Living

### On the Waterfront

#### Perrier and rivals make waves

The host calls for attention and, with a flourish, produces the bottle. His guests murmur approval as he opens it and pours. They slowly swirl their glasses, inhale the delicate bouquet and then sip. "A bit flat for my taste," sighs one. "Nonsense," retorts another. "It's delightful, light and refreshing." Says the host: "An amusing little water, if I do say so."

Not an unlikely scene, given America's appreciative thirst for bottled mineral water. After dusty decades on the back shelves of gourmet shops, the liquid is gurgling forth as the drink of the hour, dampening demands for the vodka-and-tonic and the glass of white wine. In 1976, \$7.5 million worth of bottled mineral water was bought; this year's sales may rise as high as \$250 million. Says Dwight Chattaway, a Chicago bottled-water distributor: "Mineral water is a *Zeitgeist*."

Not all bottled water is mineral. More than 700 brands of bottled water are sold in the U.S., but less than half of the waters can correctly be labeled "mineral," meaning that they once gushed directly from springs or had minerals added later. The other containers hold only ordinary water that has been purified by filtration or by chemicals. Mineral water runs in two varieties, still and effervescent. The bubbles are often achieved by the addition of carbon dioxide.

By far the most popular brand in the U.S. is Perrier, a French import that comes in an elegant tear-shaped green bottle. Says Patrick Terrail, owner of



"Shall the water be domestic or imported?"

Ma Maison in Los Angeles: "Perrier has become a cocktail in its own right." For the thirsty cosmopolitan there are also Contrexville and Evian waters, the two bestsellers in France, West Germany's preferred Apollinaris and Gerolsteiner Sprudel, and Ferrarelle, one of Italy's favorites.

Despite such exotic bottles from which to quaff, connoisseurs sometimes actually prefer the *ordinaire*. In a blind taste test of ten waters, organized by New York Times Food Critic Craig Claiborne, all five judges ranked Canada Dry Club Soda—a nonmineral beverage containing "sodium bicarbonate, sodium citrate and artificial flavoring"—as one of their top three selections. Some of the other top choices were strictly all-American: Poland Sparkling Water from

Maine, Deer Park from a babble of springs in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and Saratoga Vichy from Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Why are so many Americans taking the waters? For a generation of joggers and beansprouters, mineral water is the ultimate health drink: no calories, artificial flavorings, sweeteners or preservatives. "The primary reason for the Perrier craze," believes Charles Welsh, the company's Western U.S. sales director, "is that the American life-style is heading toward natural food and drink." For many people who have grown wary of pollution in their tap water, a bottle of Saratoga or Evian is, pure and simple, just safer than the kitchen faucet.

Not all, of course, consider bottled mineral water the nectar of the '70s. "I've tried Perrier and Poland but I don't like the bubbles," admits Lamont Richardson, who works for a major New York water supplier. "I'll stick to the sink." For Chicago Socialite Donna ("Sugar") Rautbord, the decision is the same, the reason different. "I don't want the bubbles," she spouts. "I hear they contribute to cellulite." New York Times Columnist Russell Baker does not admit to that particular worry, but he still weeps over the popularity of these waters: the nonalcoholic beverage, he argues, is sounding the last clunk of the ice cube for that most American of social events, the cocktail party. Baker dryly predicts worse to come. "Next year perhaps we will see rooms filled with people holding glasses of mouthwash." Before America reaches for a Listerine-and-lime, however, Boston TV pundit Charles Kramer predicts, the nation will be buying up a more logical successor to bottled H<sub>2</sub>O—simply O: "a line of gourmet air, available only in exclusive shops at a formidable price."

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